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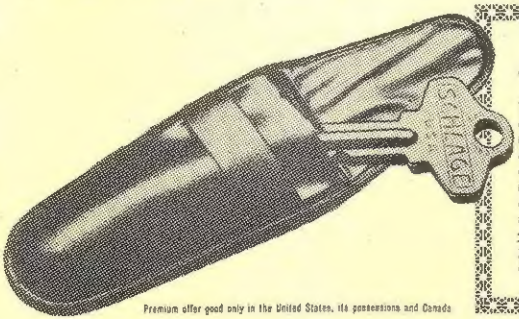

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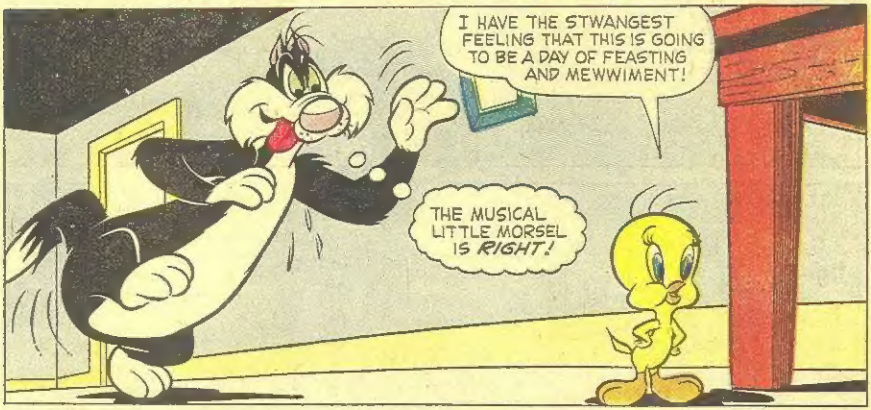
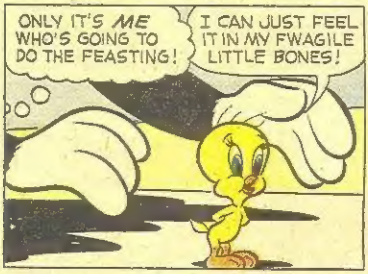
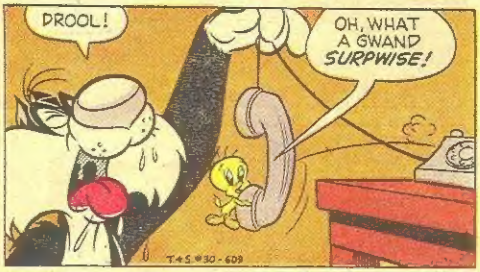
The MERRY CANARIES







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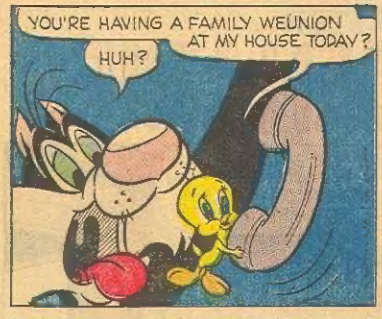
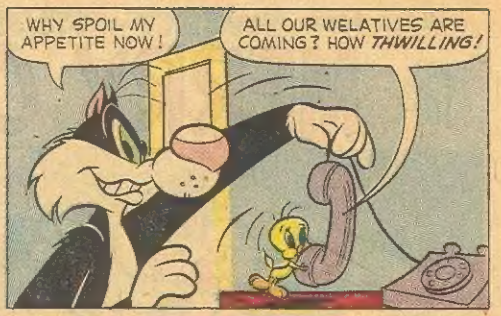
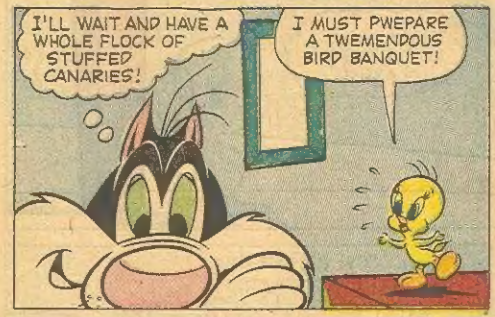
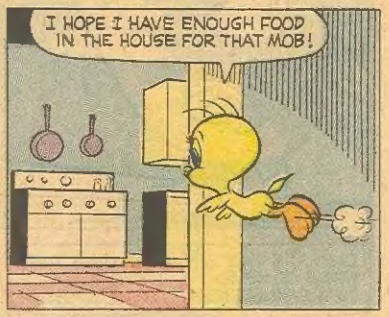

YOU'RE HAVING A FAMILY WEUNION AT MY HOUSE TODAY?
HUH?


WHY SPOIL MY APPETITE NOW!
ALL OUR WELATIVES ARE COMING? HOW THWILLING!

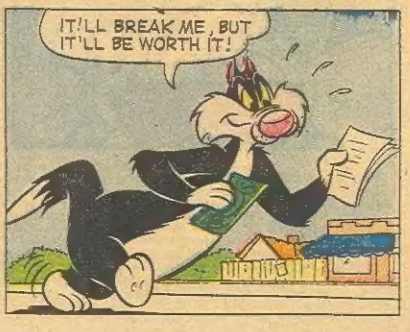

I'LL WAIT AND HAVE A WHOLE FLOCK OF STUFFED CANARIES!
I MUST PWEPARE A TWEMENDOUS BIRD BANQUET!


I HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH FOOD IN THE HOUSE FOR THAT MOB!

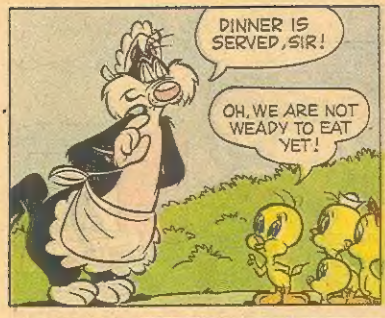
GWACIOUS! I'M OUT OF EVEWYTHING! I MUST CALL THE PARTY OFF!
NO! DON'T!
BIRD SEED

I WON'T LET YOU DISAPPOINT THE DELICIOUS LITTLE DARLINGS!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL CONTWIBUTE THE GWOCERIES?

...A DOZEN POPPY SEED WOLLS, AND ONE POUND OF DWIED GWASSHOPPERS!
CHECK!

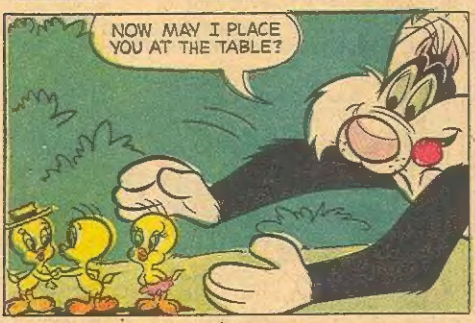

IT'LL BREAK ME, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT!

SHORTLY...
I WANT THEIR LAST MEAL TO BE A GOOD ONE!
IT'S GWAND OF YOU TO DO THIS, PUDDY TAT!
BUT I'M AFWAID I'M TOO WEAK AND FWAIL TO SERVE ALL THIS FOOD!
BIRD SEED
CUTTLE BONE
AND MY LITTLE BWAIN IS IN A WHIRL!
I WILL TELL THEM TO MAKE OTHER AWWANGEMENTS!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T!
JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOUR OLD PUSSY PAL!
HOW CAN I EVER EXPWESS MY GWATITUDE?
I'LL BRING A LITTLE HAPPINESS INTO THEIR FEW REMAINING MOMENTS!
A PUDDY TAT MAID WILL MAKE A GWEAT IMPWESSION ON MY WELATIVES!
TWEET! TWEET!
SOME OF MY KINFOLKS ARE AWWIVING NOW!
I'M SERVING THEM ON THIS TABLE! HEH, HEH! YOU'LL SEE WHY LATER!
HI, TWEETY!
COUSIN GERTWUDE! THE TWITTER TWINS AND...

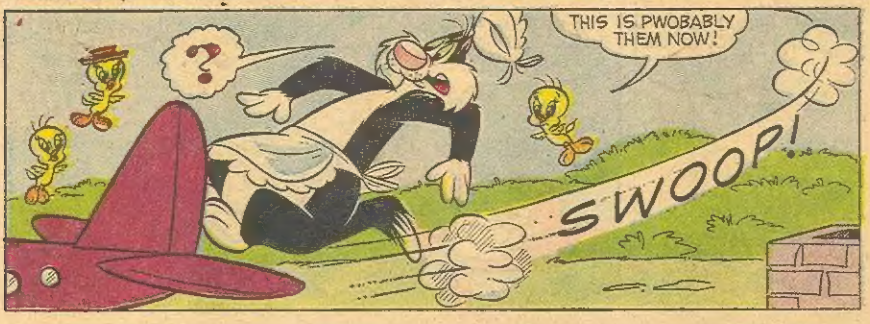

DINNER IS SERVED, SIR!
OH, WE ARE NOT WEADY TO EAT YET!

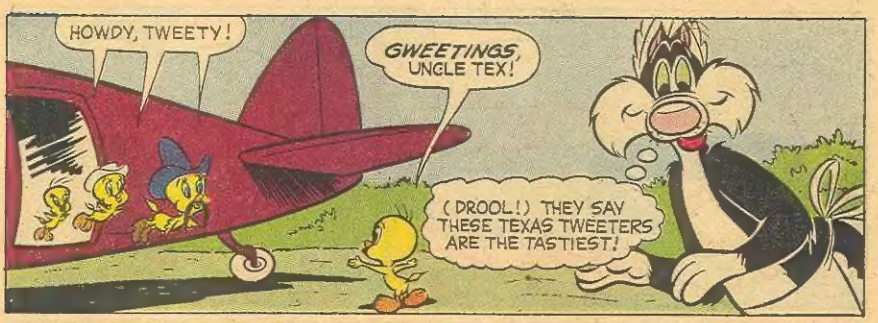
WE MUST WAIT FOR THE WEST OF THE GUESTS!
THERE ARE (SLURP!) MORE?
HERE COME SOME NOW!

HOOWAY! THE WARBLER FAMILY IS HERE!
YUMMY! THEY'RE A PLUMP PARCEL OF PIGEONS!


NOW MAY I PLACE YOU AT THE TABLE?

NO! THERE IS ONE MORE BWANCH OF THE FAMILY YET TO COME!


?
THIS IS PWOBABLY THEM NOW!
SWOOP!

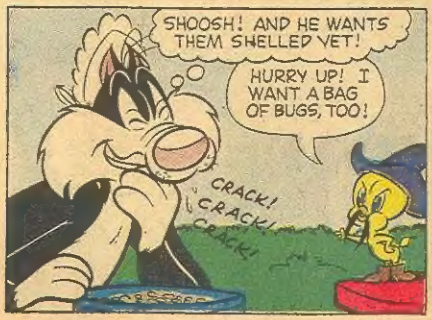

HOWDY, TWEETY!
GWEETINGS, UNCLE TEX!
(DROOL!) THEY SAY THESE TEXAS TWEETERS ARE THE TASTIEST!

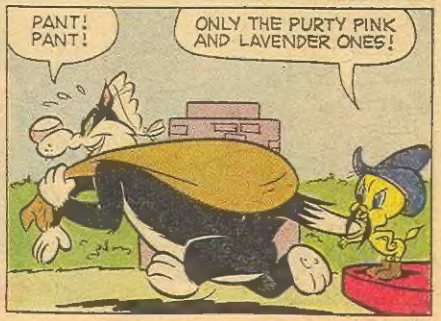
WELL, WHO'S THIS PUNY-LOOKIN' PUSSYCAT?
OH, HE'S ONE OF THE HIRED HELP!
SIZZLE!

UGH! THAT CHOW WOULDN'T SATISFY A TEXAS HUMMING-BIRD!

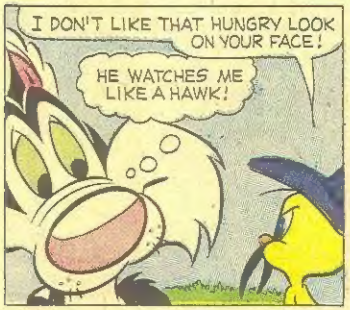
I'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS TILL I GET THEM SEATED!
NOW RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB, BUB! FIRST A BUSHEL OF SUNFLOWER SEED!

SOON...
ANYTHING TO GET THEM ALL AT THE TABLE!

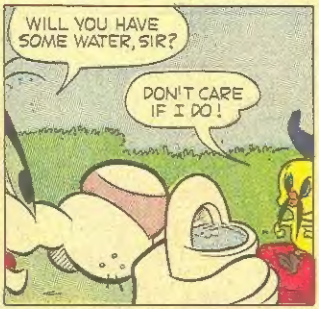

SHOOSH! AND HE WANTS THEM SHELLED YET!
HURRY UP! I WANT A BAG OF BUGS, TOO!
CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

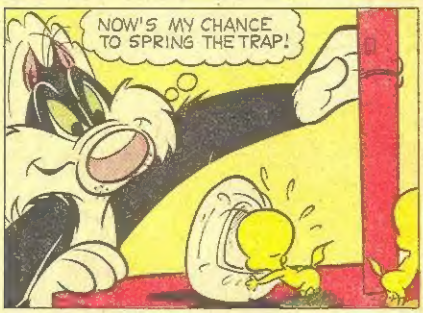

PANT! PANT!
ONLY THE PURTY PINK AND LAVENDER ONES!

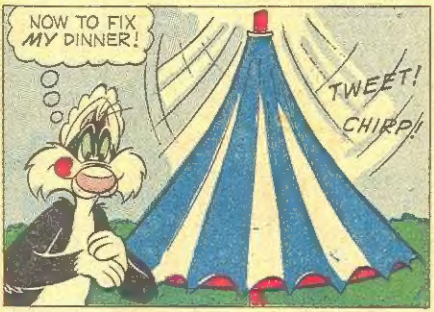
AHA! AT LAST THEY'RE ALL SEATED!
HEY, PUSSYCAT!
SOME SPREAD, HUH, FRED?


I DON'T LIKE THAT HUNGRY LOOK ON YOUR FACE!
HE WATCHES ME LIKE A HAWK!

BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

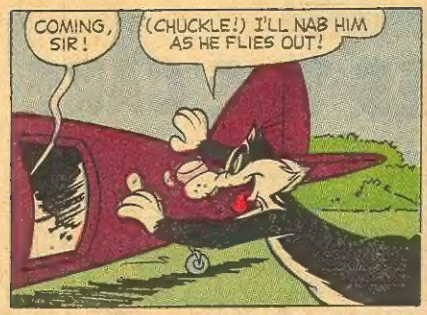

WILL YOU HAVE SOME WATER, SIR?
DON'T CARE IF I DO!


NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SPRING THE TRAP!


NOW TO FIX MY DINNER!
TWEET!
CHIRP!!

TWEETY, THAT'S A VERY CLUMSY SERVANT YOU HAVE!
SO SOWWY, TEX!

I'LL CALL MY BUTLER TO TAKE OVER!
OH, BUTTERCUP!
HMM! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER BIRD ON THE PLANE!


COMING, SIR!
(CHUCKLE!) I'LL NAB HIM AS HE FLIES OUT!

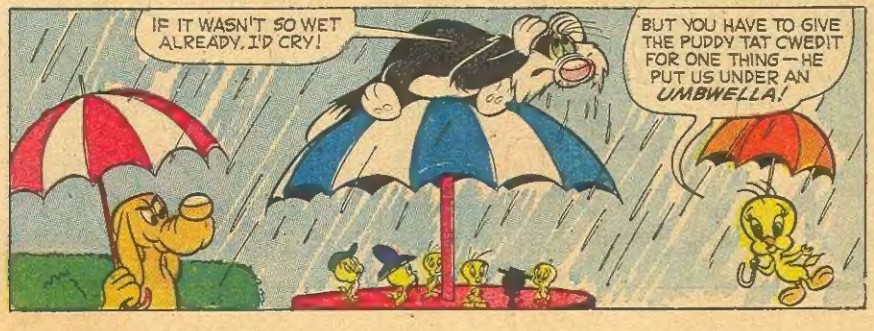
MAN! THIS IS THE BIGGEST ONE OF THE FLOCK!

Y-YOU'RE N-NOT A BIRD... ARE YOU?

NO! JUST A BIRD DOG!
HOW COULD THINGS TURN OUT SO *BAD* SO QUICK?
GOOD OLD BUTTERCUP!

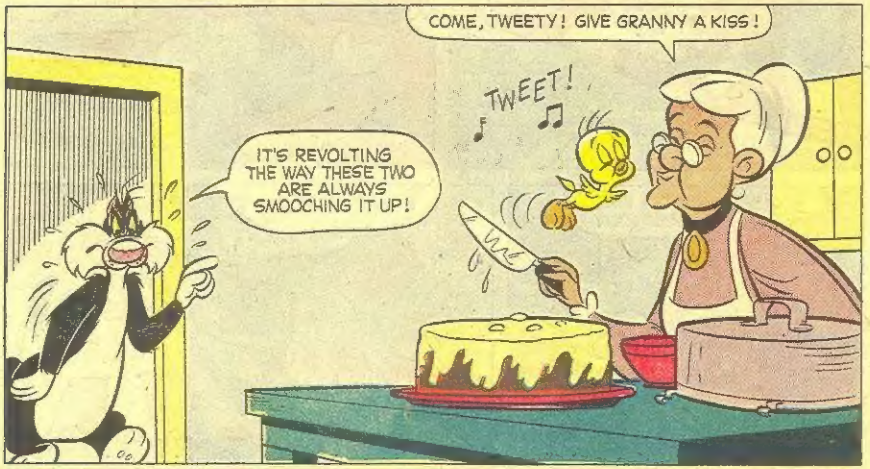
WELL, ANYWAY, MY LUCK *COULDN'T* GET WORSE!

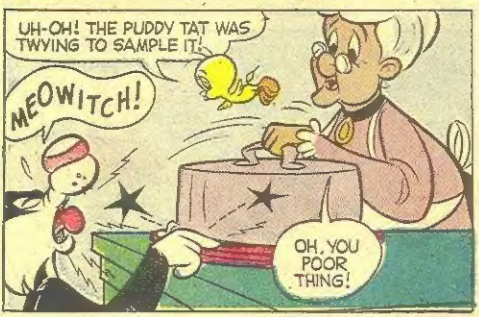
OH, YES, IT COULD!
RUMBLE!
CRACK!

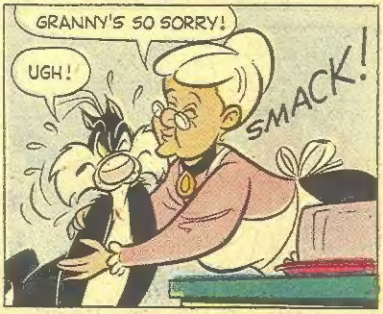

IF IT WASN'T SO WET ALREADY, I'D CRY!
BUT YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE PUDDY TAT CWEDIT FOR ONE THING — HE PUT US UNDER AN *UMBWELLA!*

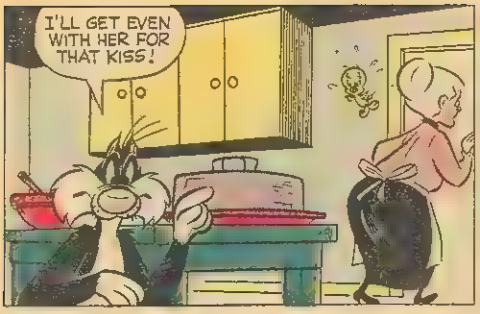
WARNER BROS. **TWEETY** *and* **SYLVESTER**

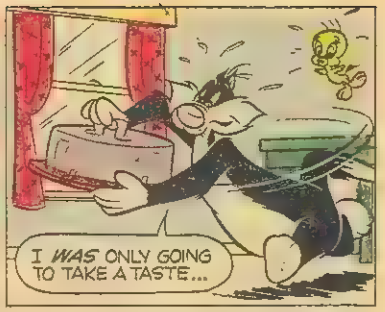
THE CAT TAKES THE CAKE

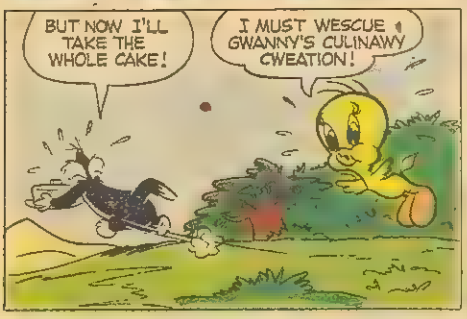


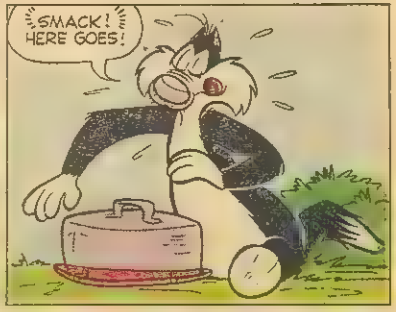


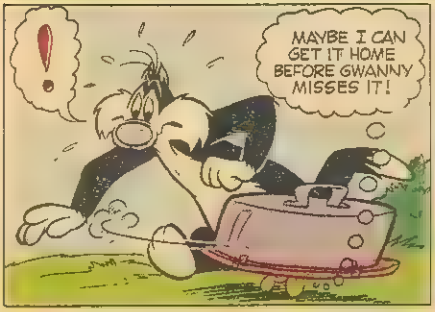


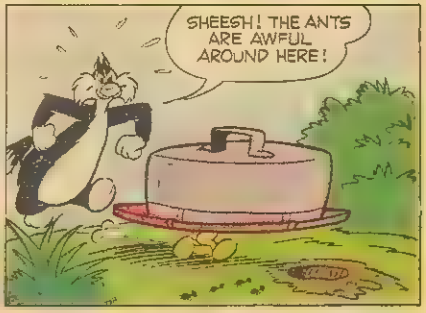

I'LL GET EVEN WITH HER FOR THAT KISS!

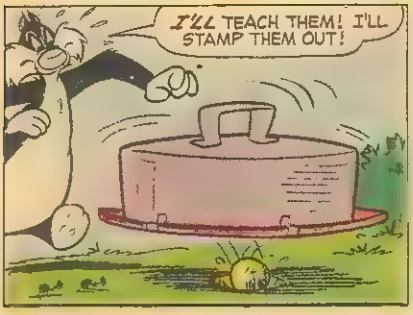

I *WAS* ONLY GOING TO TAKE A TASTE...

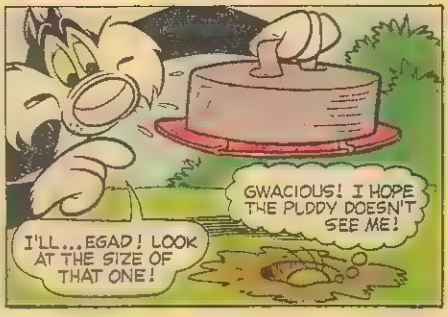

BUT NOW I'LL TAKE THE WHOLE CAKE!
I MUST WESCUE GWANNY'S CULINAWY CWEATION!

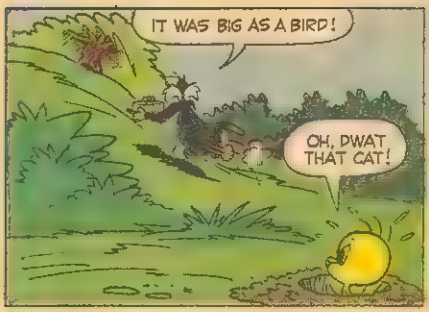

SMACK! HERE GOES!

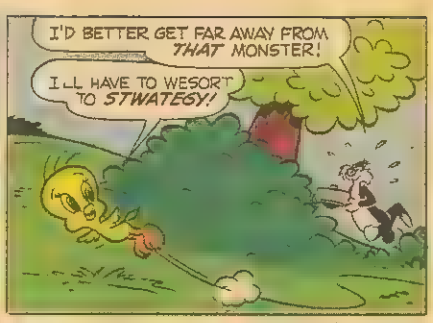

!
MAYBE I CAN GET IT HOME BEFORE GWANNY MISSES IT!

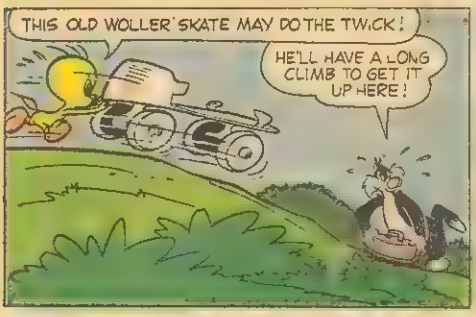

SHEESH! THE ANTS ARE AWFUL AROUND HERE!

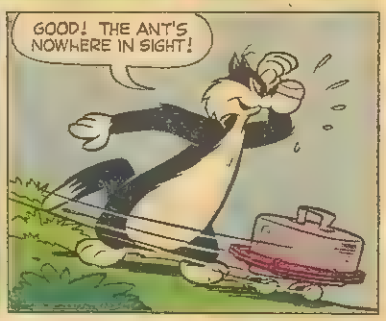

I'LL TEACH THEM! I'LL STAMP THEM OUT!

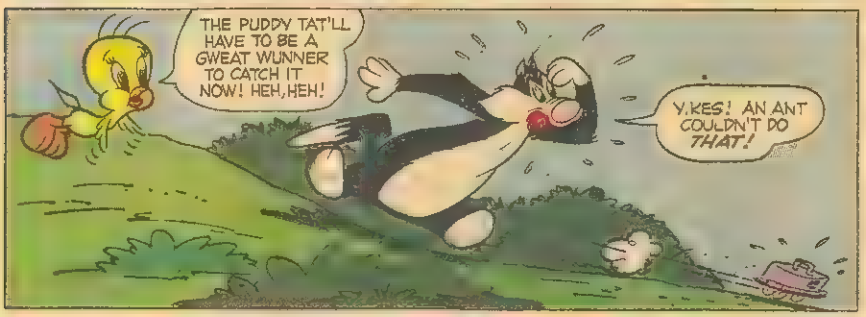

GWACIOUS! I HOPE THE PUDDY DOESN'T SEE ME!
I'LL...EGAD! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ONE!

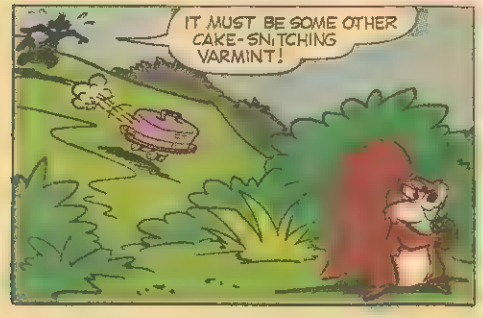

IT WAS BIG AS A BIRD!
OH, DWAT THAT CAT!

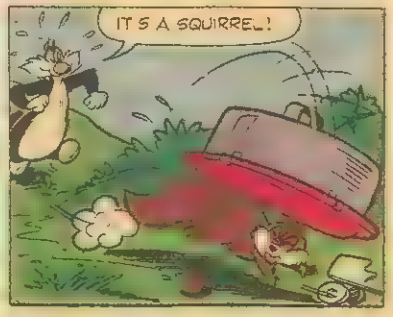

I'D BETTER GET FAR AWAY FROM THAT MONSTER!
I'LL HAVE TO WESORT TO STWATEGY!

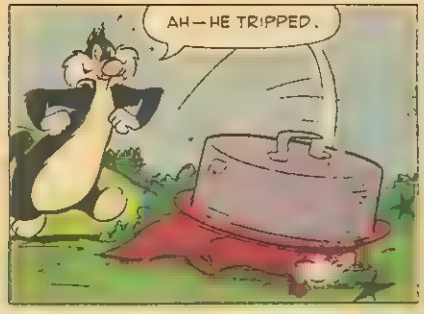

THIS OLD WOLLER SKATE MAY DO THE TWICK!
HE'LL HAVE A LONG CLIMB TO GET IT UP HERE!

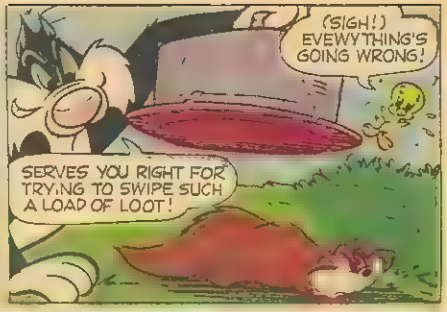

GOOD! THE ANT'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

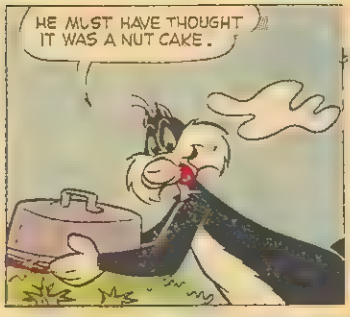

THE PUDDY TAT'LL HAVE TO BE A GWEAT WUNNER TO CATCH IT NOW! HEH, HEH!
YIKES! AN ANT COULDN'T DO THAT!

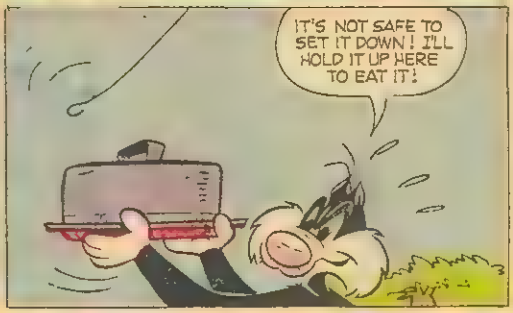

IT MUST BE SOME OTHER CAKE-SNITCHING VARMINT!

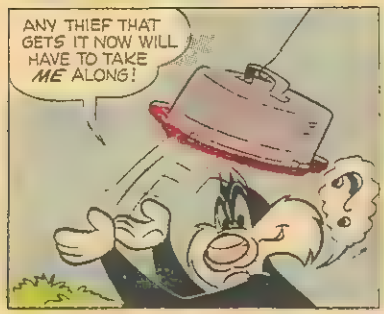

IT'S A SQUIRREL!

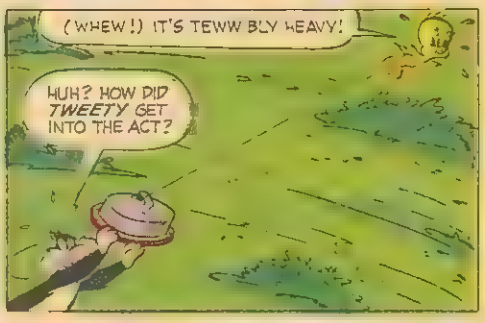

AH—HE TRIPPED.

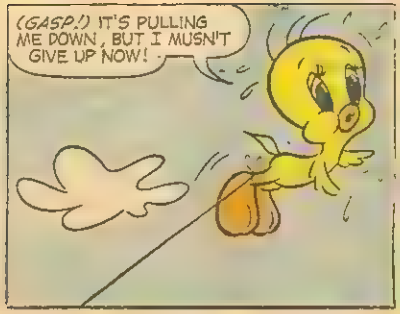

(SIGH!) EVEWYTHING'S GOING WRONG!
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR TRYING TO SWIPE SUCH A LOAD OF LOOT!

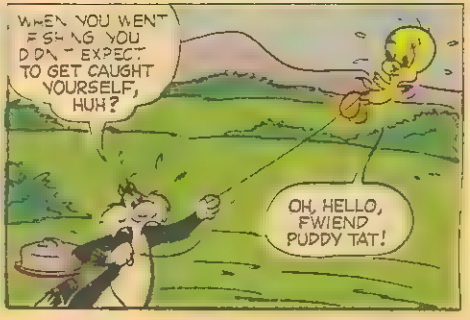

HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A NUT CAKE.

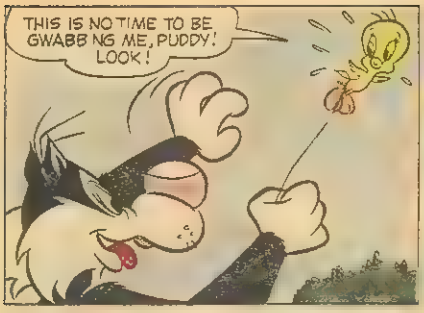

IT'S NOT SAFE TO SET IT DOWN! I'LL HOLD IT UP HERE TO EAT IT!

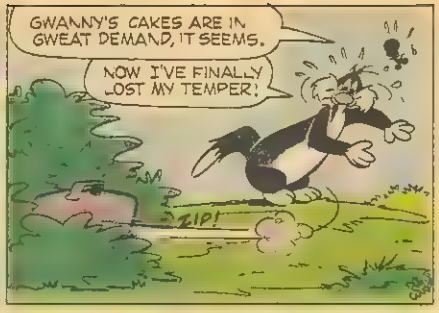

ANY THIEF THAT GETS IT NOW WILL HAVE TO TAKE *ME* ALONG!

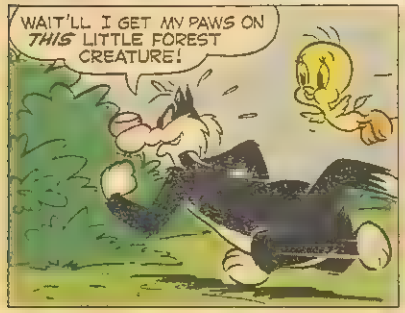

(WHEW!) IT'S TEWW BLY HEAVY!
HUH? HOW DID *TWEETY* GET INTO THE ACT?

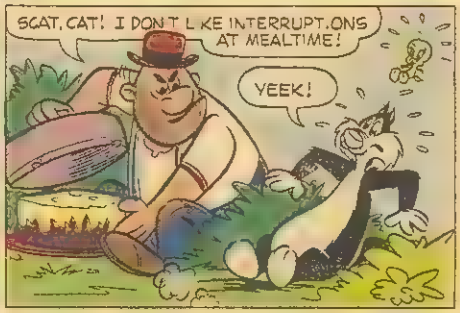

(GASP!) IT'S PULLING ME DOWN, BUT I MUSN'T GIVE UP NOW!

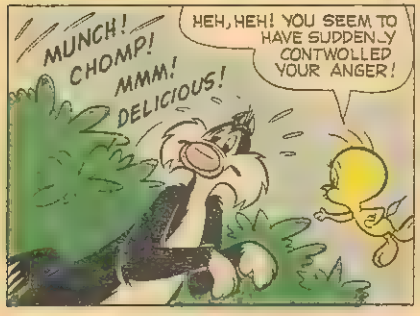

WHEN YOU WENT FISHING YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET CAUGHT YOURSELF, HUH?
OH, HELLO, FWIEND PUDDY TAT!

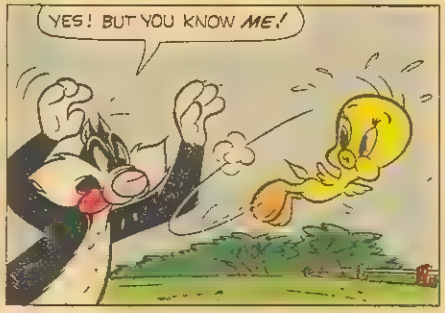

THIS IS NO TIME TO BE GWABB NG ME, PUDDY! LOOK!

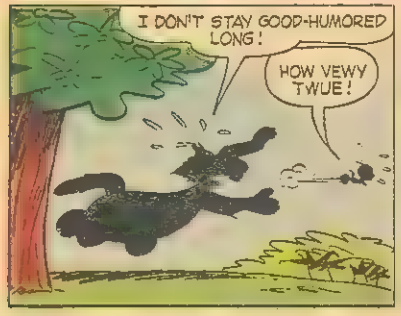

GWANNY'S CAKES ARE IN GWEAT DEMAND, IT SEEMS.
NOW I'VE FINALLY LOST MY TEMPER!
ZIP!

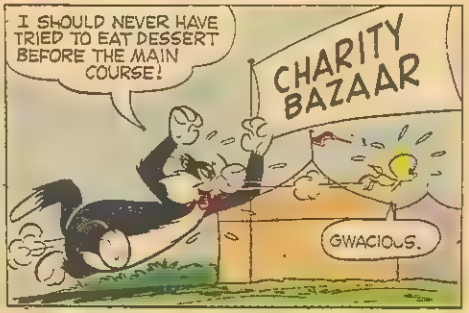

WAIT'LL I GET MY PAWS ON *THIS* LITTLE FOREST CREATURE!


SCAT, CAT! I DON'T LIKE INTERRUPTIONS AT MEALTIME!
YEEK!


MUNCH! CHOMP! MMM! DELICIOUS!
HEH, HEH! YOU SEEM TO HAVE SUDDENLY CONTWOLLED YOUR ANGER!


YES! BUT YOU KNOW *ME!*


I DON'T STAY GOOD-HUMORED LONG!
HOW VEWY TWUE!


I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRIED TO EAT DESSERT BEFORE THE MAIN COURSE!
CHARITY BAZAAR
GWACIOUS.

THIS LADY MAY GIVE ME PWOTECTION!
STOP, YOU FELINE FIEND!
YOU WON'T GET THAT POOR BIRD WHILE I'M HERE!
I'D BETTER TRY LOOKING MY OLD CHARMING SELF!
OOOOH! WHAT A CLEVER IDEA FOR RAISING MONEY!
KISSES $1.00
SMACK!
OH, HOW CUDDLY!
KISSES
SMACK!
HEH, HEH! THE PUDDY TAT DIDN'T EXPECT THAT!
LATER...
SHEESH! HOW DO YOU GET TH.S PAINT OFF?
I M SO PROUD OF SYLVESTER; I LL GIVE HIM ANOTHER K SS WHEN HE GETS HOME!
THAT DWEAMY OLD PUDDY TAT WAISED A HUNDWED DOLLARS FOR CHAWITY!

"Huwway!" Elmer Fudd shouted happily. "What a beautiful day for a game of golf."

He jumped out of bed, dressed, gathered up his golf clubs and stowed them into his red plaid golf bag, picked up a box of brand-new golf balls, put on his "lucky" cap, and went out the front door.

All the way to the golf course he hummed a tuneless tune that sounded a little bit like "This is my Lucky Day."

"Lucky for me that that wascally wabbit, Bugs Bunny, is spending the day with fwiends. Now I'll be able to play golf without any interfewence."

As it was still early in the day, Elmer was the only one on the golf course. "I'm weally getting all the bweaks today," he chuckled happily.

He took out one of his new golf balls and polished it on the sleeve of his jacket. Then, when it shone white as white, he laid it down, ever so gently, on the green turf.

Then he chose just the right club from his bag, took his position behind the ball, tried a couple of practice swings, then leaned into a drive with all his might.

His eyes scanned the distance to trace the flight of his ball.

"Now where did that ball go?" Elmer asked anxiously, searching the greens ahead. But the ball was right where Elmer had placed it. "Dwat it. How could I have missed the ball?" he muttered. "Of course. Now I wemember. I forgot to use a tee. Amazing . . . the diffewence those little wooden stands make!"

Then Elmer pulled a tee from the pocket of his golf bag and stuck it firmly into the grass. Next, he balanced the ball on the tee and took a swing.

"How dweadful," exclaimed Elmer as he stooped over to pick up a large chunk of grass his second stroke had torn loose from the mound.

Undaunted, Elmer stepped up to the tee once more. "If at first you don't succeed, twy, twy again," he said to the ball.

This time, Elmer appraised the situation carefully. "Tee pwoperly placed; ball steady; wind wight; cowwect club. This should be a good one."

Elmer swung his club back over his shoulder, fixed his eye on the ball, and . . .

Crunch, crunch, munch.

Elmer whirled around to see what the noise was and where it was coming from. As he did, he hit the ball squarely in the middle. Away it went. Up, up into the air it sailed, as straight and steady as a bird in flight; on and on, heading straight for the number one flag. It hit the marker and bounced off, into the cup.

But Elmer Fudd wasn't interested in the ball this time. In fact, he had not even watched the ball. When he had turned around, he had discovered that it was Bugs Bunny who had been responsible for the disturbance.

Elmer was furious. "You wetched wabbit. What are you doing here? Why aren't you visiting your fwiends?"

"Easy, Doc," said Bugs, chomping on a nice fat carrot, "I am visiting my friends. They live here at the golf course."

"You wascal. You twicked me. You wuined my luck," exclaimed Elmer, and he threw his lucky cap on the ground angrily.

"But, Doc! How lucky do you want to be?" asked Bugs, still munching and crunching his carrot. "You just made a hole in one!"

WARNER BROS Beep Beep THE ROAD RUNNER

BIRDS of a FEATHER

HERE COMES WILE E. TO CHASE US SOME MORE!

OH, NOT AGAIN! HO HUM! WHAT A BORE!

HOLD ON KIDS. WE DON'T HAVE TO RETREAT IT'S ONLY THE MAILMAN HE'S GOING TO MEET

PUTT, PUTT!

GOT A LETTER FOR ME TODAY, MISTER MAILMAN? HUH? HUH?

MATTER OF FACT YES. HERE.

THANKS. BOY, OH BOY. I WONDER IF I MADE IT.

IT SURE MUST BE IMPORTANT: YOU'VE BEEN GALLOPING OUT HERE TO MEET ME FOR A *WEEK!*

IT *IS* IMPORTANT! IT'S A REPLY TO MY APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE EXALTED FRATERNAL ORDER OF FUR, FANG AND CLAW

WHO?

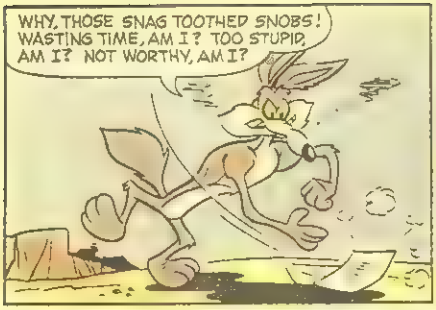
RIP!

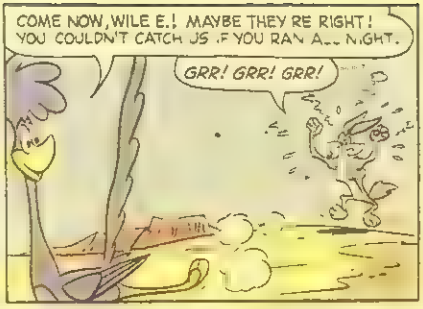
IT'S A HIGHLY EXCLUSIVE CLUB MADE UP OF GRIZZLY BEARS, MOUNTAIN LIONS, BOBCATS, WOLVERINES AND WOLVES. I'D BE THE FIRST COYOTE EVER ALLOWED TO JOIN.

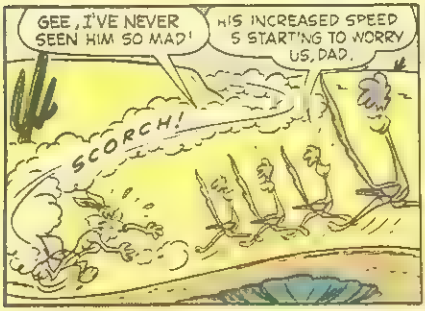
?

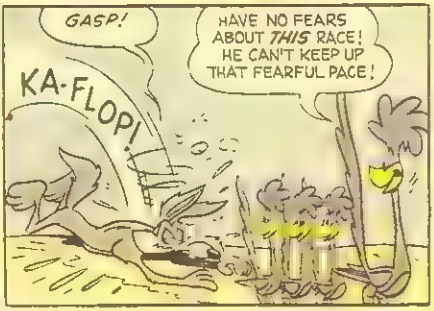
BRR! SOUNDS LIKE A JOLLY FUN GROUP! GOOD LUCK!

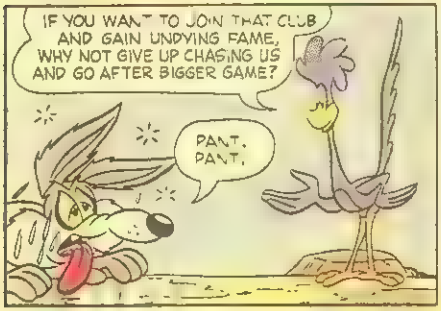
MR WILE E COYOTE, GENIUS ESQ
DEAR S.R.
YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN CONSIDERED BY THE MEMBERSHIP BUT ANYONE WHO NOT ONLY WASTES ALL HIS TIME TRYING TO CATCH ROAD RUNNERS BUT IS TOO STUPID TO EVEN *CATCH* THEM IS, IN OUR OPINION, NOT WORTHY OF MEMBERSHIP!"

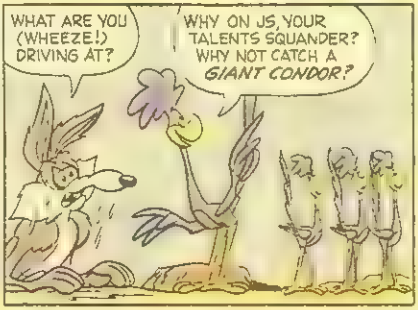

WHY, THOSE SNAG TOOTHED SNOBS! WASTING TIME, AM I? TOO STUPID, AM I? NOT WORTHY, AM I?

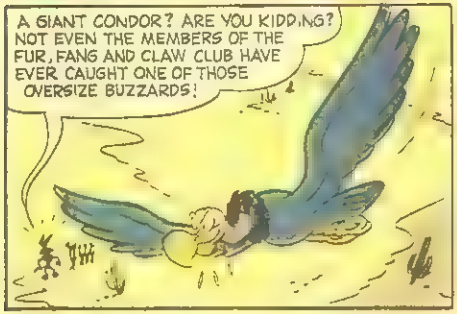

COME NOW, WILE E.! MAYBE THEY RE RIGHT! YOU COULDN'T CATCH US IF YOU RAN ALL NIGHT.
GRR! GRR! GRR!

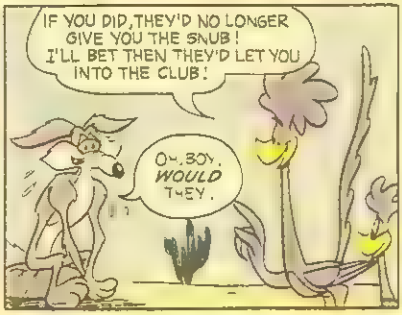

GEE, I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO MAD!
HIS INCREASED SPEED S STARTING TO WORRY US, DAD.
SCORCH!

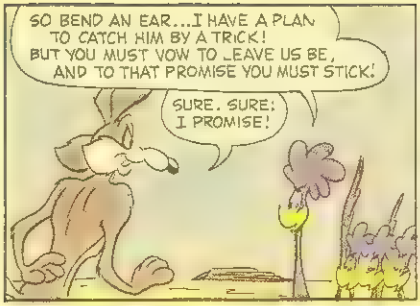

GASP!
HAVE NO FEARS ABOUT *THIS* RACE! HE CAN'T KEEP UP THAT FEARFUL PACE!
KA-FLOP!

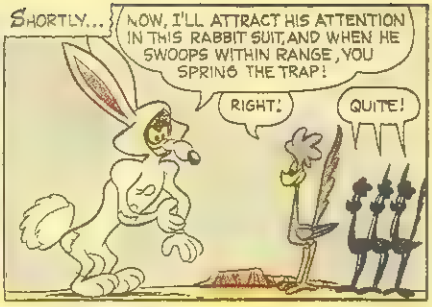

IF YOU WANT TO JOIN THAT CLUB AND GAIN UNDYING FAME, WHY NOT GIVE UP CHASING US AND GO AFTER BIGGER GAME?
PANT. PANT.

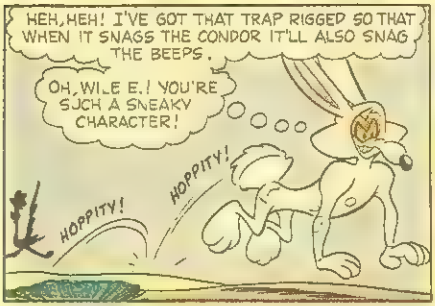

WHAT ARE YOU (WHEEZE!) DRIVING AT?
WHY ON US, YOUR TALENTS SQUANDER? WHY NOT CATCH A *GIANT CONDOR?*

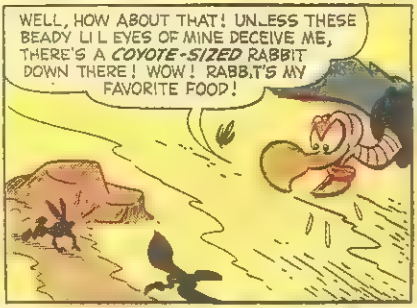

A GIANT CONDOR? ARE YOU KIDDING? NOT EVEN THE MEMBERS OF THE FUR, FANG AND CLAW CLUB HAVE EVER CAUGHT ONE OF THOSE OVERSIZE BUZZARDS!

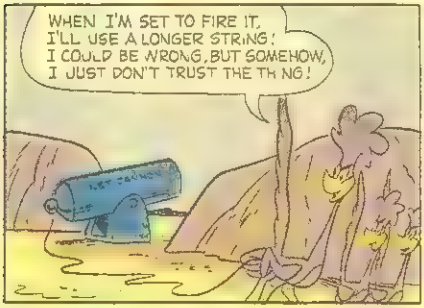

IF YOU DID, THEY'D NO LONGER GIVE YOU THE SNUB! I'LL BET THEN THEY'D LET YOU INTO THE CLUB!
OH, BOY, *WOULD* THEY.

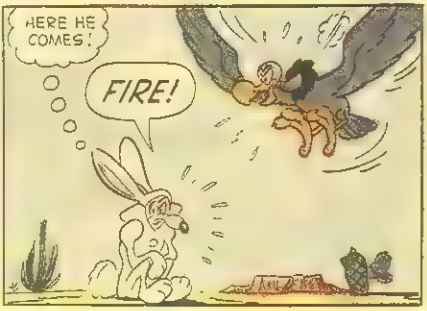

SO BEND AN EAR...I HAVE A PLAN TO CATCH HIM BY A TRICK! BUT YOU MUST VOW TO LEAVE US BE, AND TO THAT PROMISE YOU MUST STICK!
SURE. SURE: I PROMISE!

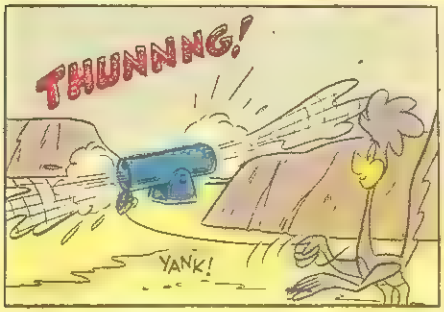

SHORTLY...
NOW, I'LL ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION IN THIS RABBIT SUIT, AND WHEN HE SWOOPS WITHIN RANGE, YOU SPRING THE TRAP!
RIGHT!
QUITE!

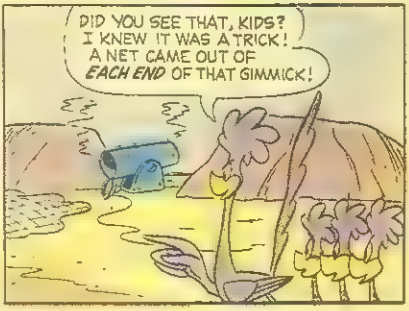

HEH, HEH! I'VE GOT THAT TRAP RIGGED SO THAT WHEN IT SNAGS THE CONDOR IT'LL ALSO SNAG THE BEEPS.
OH, WILE E.! YOU'RE SUCH A SNEAKY CHARACTER!
HOPPITY!
HOPPITY!

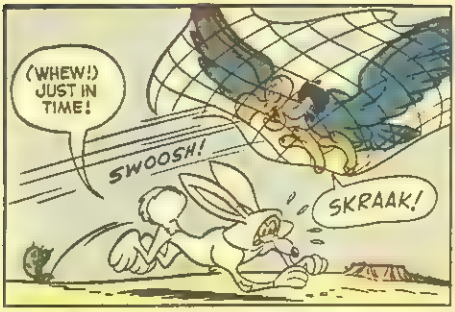

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT! UNLESS THESE BEADY LI L EYES OF MINE DECEIVE ME, THERE'S A COYOTE-SIZED RABBIT DOWN THERE! WOW! RABBIT'S MY FAVORITE FOOD!

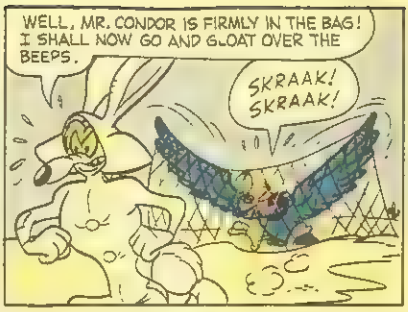

WHEN I'M SET TO FIRE IT, I'LL USE A LONGER STRING! I COULD BE WRONG, BUT SOMEHOW, I JUST DON'T TRUST THE TH NG!

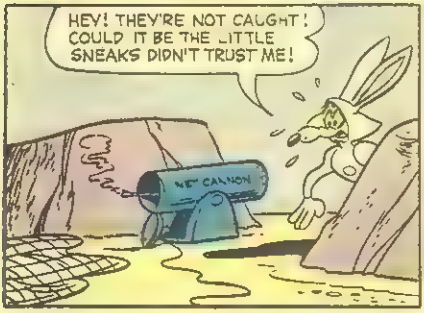

HERE HE COMES!
FIRE!

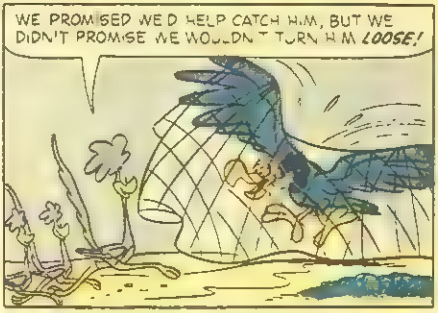

THUNNNG!
YANK!

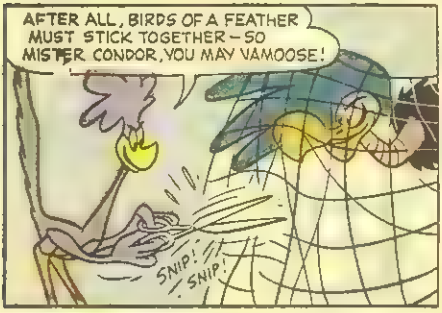

DID YOU SEE THAT, KIDS? I KNEW IT WAS A TRICK! A NET CAME OUT OF EACH END OF THAT GIMMICK!

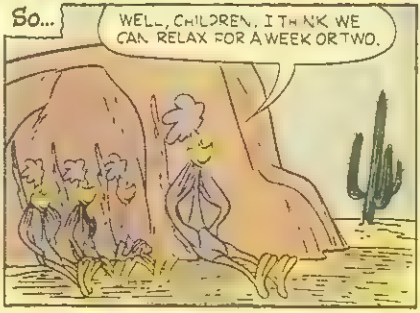

(WHEW!) JUST IN TIME!
SWOOSH!
SKRAAK!


WELL, MR. CONDOR IS FIRMLY IN THE BAG! I SHALL NOW GO AND GLOAT OVER THE BEEPS.
SKRAAK! SKRAAK!


HEY! THEY'RE NOT CAUGHT! COULD IT BE THE LITTLE SNEAKS DIDN'T TRUST ME!
"NE" CANNON


WE PROMISED WE'D HELP CATCH HIM, BUT WE DIDN'T PROMISE WE WOULDN'T TURN HIM LOOSE!

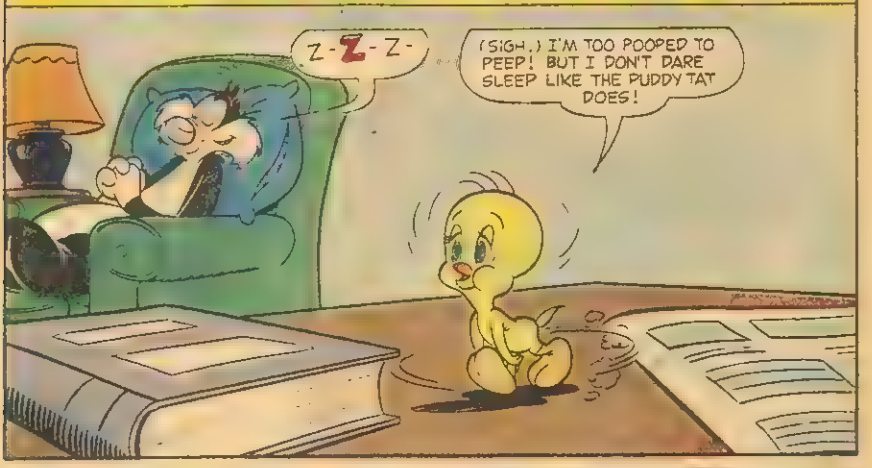

AFTER ALL, BIRDS OF A FEATHER MUST STICK TOGETHER – SO MISTER CONDOR, YOU MAY VAMOOSE!
SNIP! SNIP!

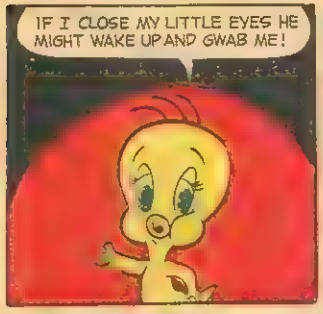

SO...
WELL, CHILDREN, I THINK WE CAN RELAX FOR A WEEK OR TWO.

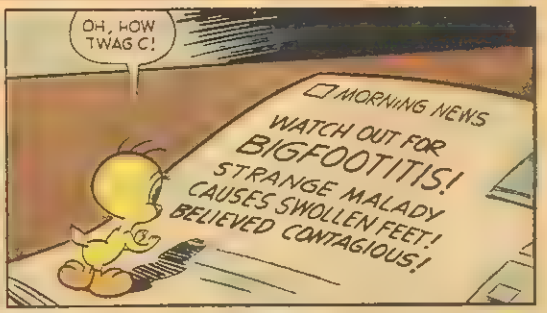
'CAUSE IT WILL TAKE WILE E. AT LEAST THAT LONG TO RUN TO TIMBUKTU.

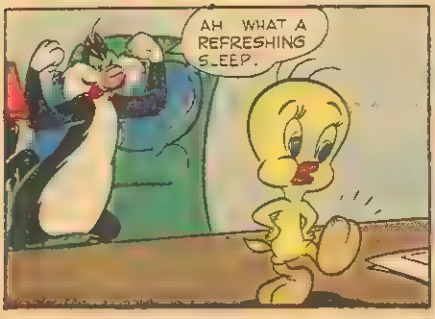
WARNER BROS. TWEETY and SYLVESTER

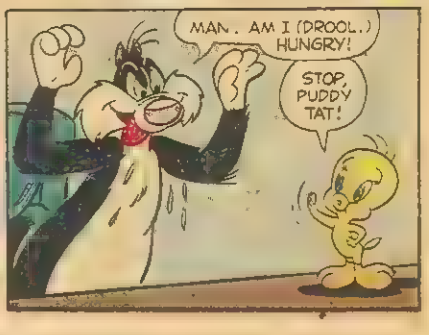
THE FOOT FEAT

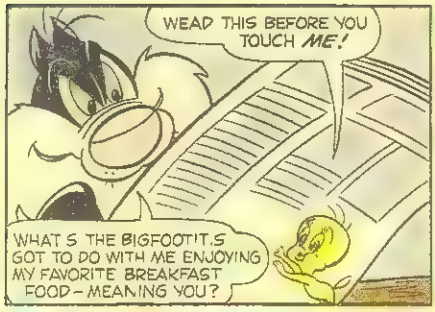


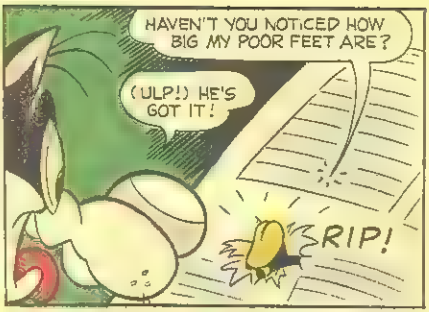


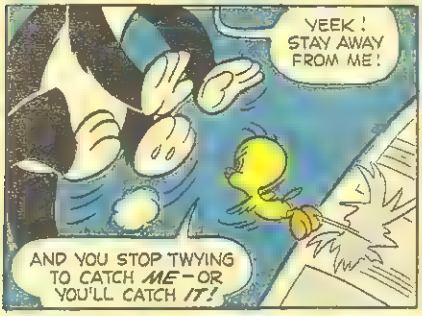


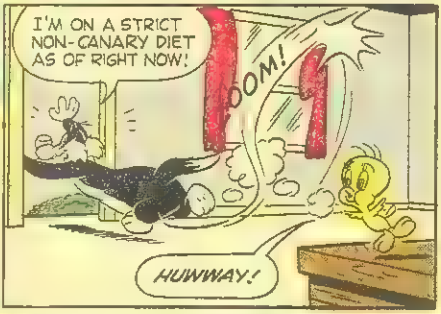


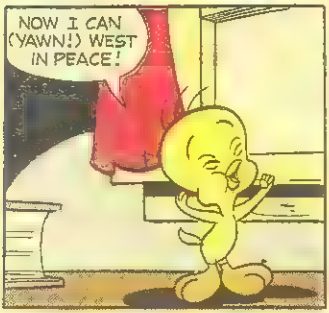


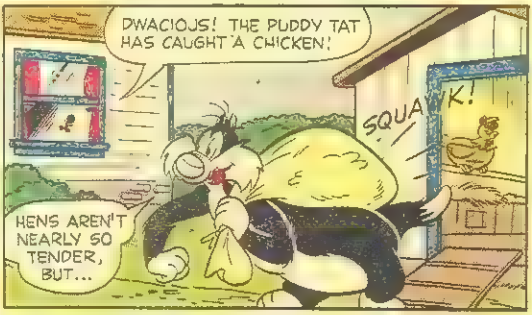

WEAD THIS BEFORE YOU TOUCH *ME!*
WHAT'S THE BIGFOOT'T.S GOT TO DO WITH ME ENJOYING MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST FOOD – MEANING YOU?

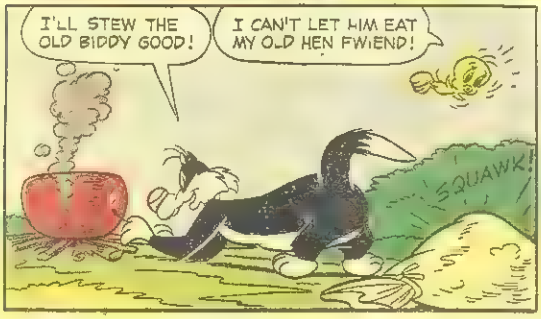

HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW BIG MY POOR FEET ARE?
(ULP!) HE'S GOT IT!
RIP!

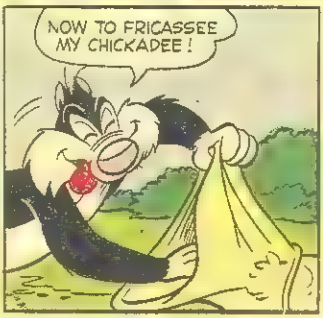

YEEK! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
AND YOU STOP TWYING TO CATCH *ME* – OR YOU'LL CATCH *IT!*

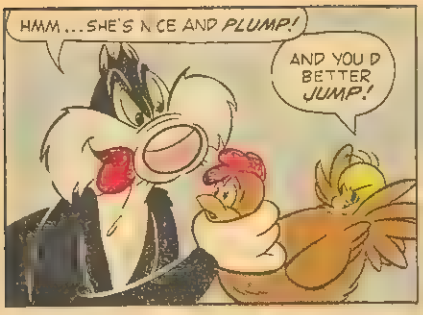

I'M ON A STRICT NON-CANARY DIET AS OF RIGHT NOW!
BOOM!
HUWWAY!

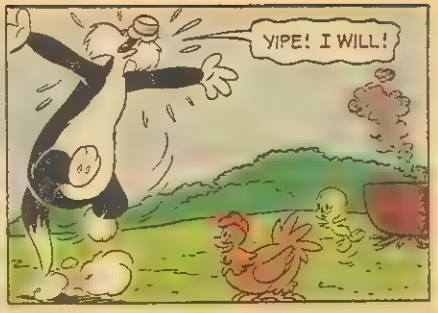

NOW I CAN (YAWN!) WEST IN PEACE!


DWACIOUS! THE PUDDY TAT HAS CAUGHT A CHICKEN!
SQUAWK!
HENS AREN'T NEARLY SO TENDER, BUT...

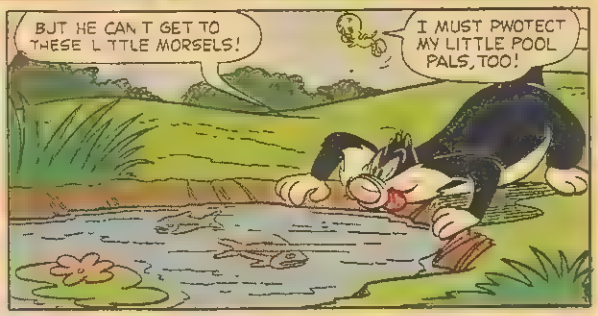

I'LL STEW THE OLD BIDDY GOOD!
I CAN'T LET HIM EAT MY OLD HEN FWIEND!
SQUAWK!

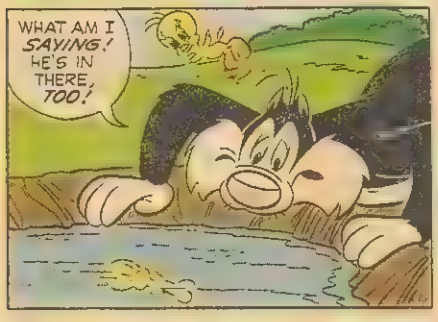

NOW TO FRICASSEE MY CHICKADEE!

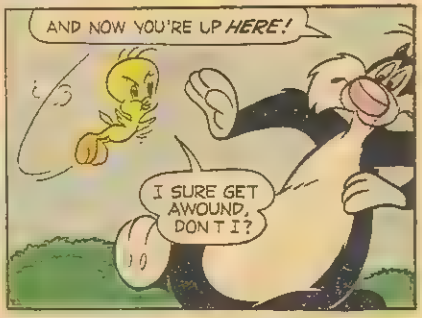

HMM ... SHE'S NICE AND PLUMP!
AND YOU'D BETTER JUMP!

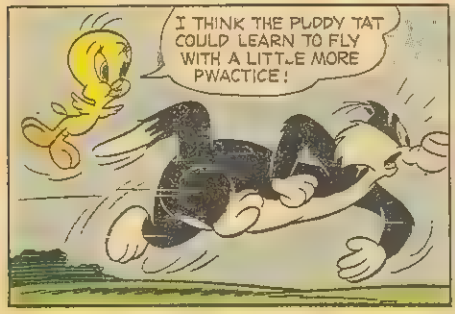

YIPE! I WILL!

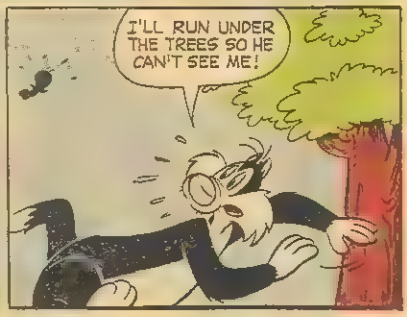
NOW ALL THE HENS'LL HAVE THE HORRIBLE FAT FOOTS ES!

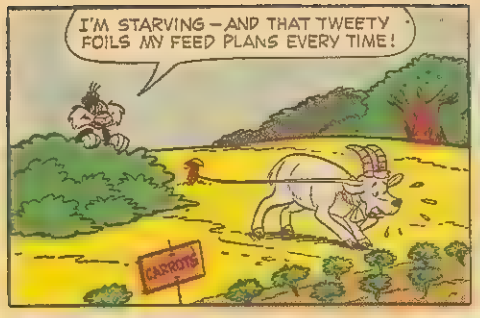

BUT HE CAN'T GET TO THESE LITTLE MORSELS!
I MUST PWOTECT MY LITTLE POOL PALS, TOO!

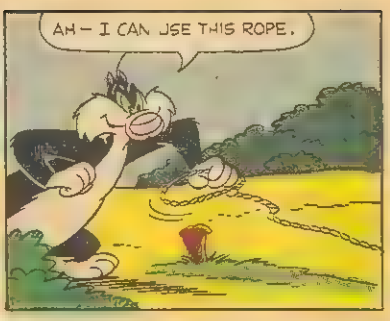

WHAT AM I SAYING! HE'S IN THERE, TOO!

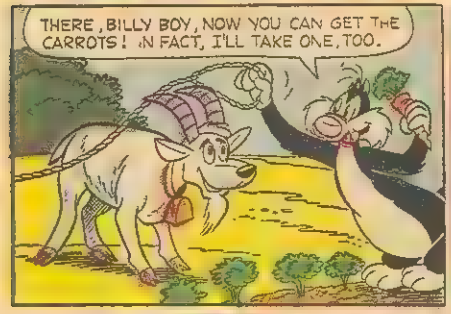

AND NOW YOU'RE UP HERE!
I SURE GET AWOUND, DON'T I?

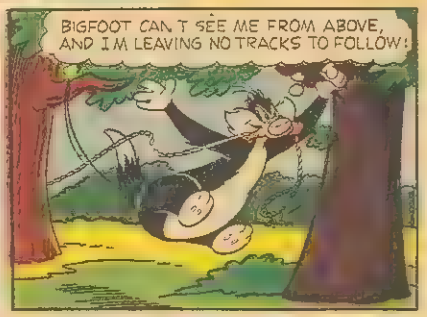

I THINK THE PUDDY TAT COULD LEARN TO FLY WITH A LITTLE MORE PWACTICE!

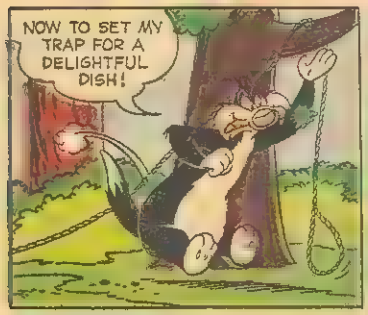

I'LL RUN UNDER THE TREES SO HE CAN'T SEE ME!

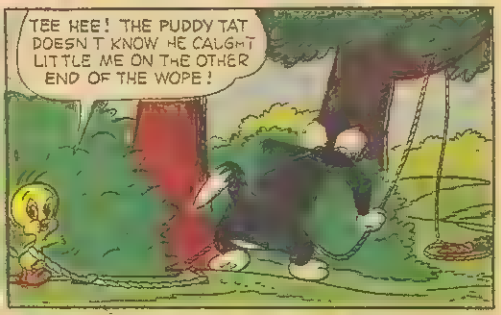

I'M STARVING—AND THAT TWEETY FOILS MY FEED PLANS EVERY TIME!
CARROTS

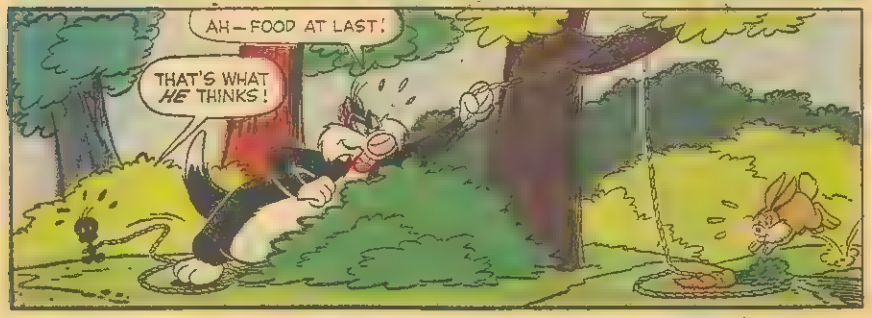

AH—I CAN USE THIS ROPE.

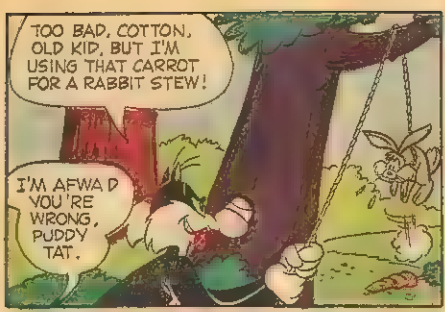

THERE, BILLY BOY, NOW YOU CAN GET THE CARROTS! IN FACT, I'LL TAKE ONE, TOO.

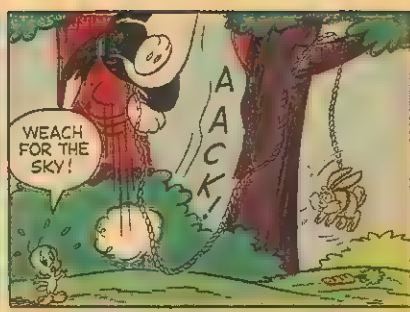

BIGFOOT CAN'T SEE ME FROM ABOVE, AND I'M LEAVING NO TRACKS TO FOLLOW!

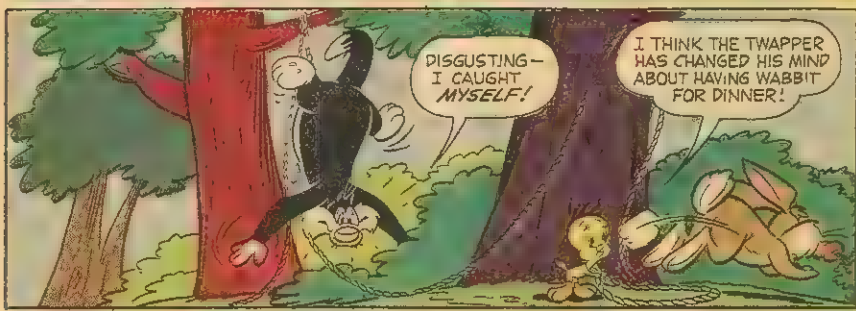

NOW TO SET MY TRAP FOR A DELIGHTFUL DISH!

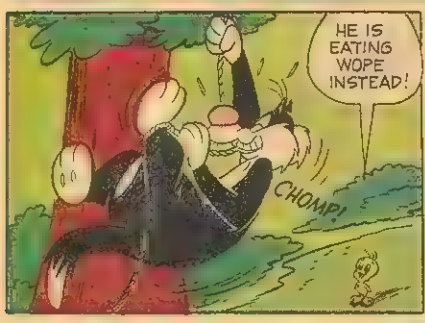

TEE HEE! THE PUDDY TAT DOESN'T KNOW HE CAUGHT LITTLE ME ON THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE!

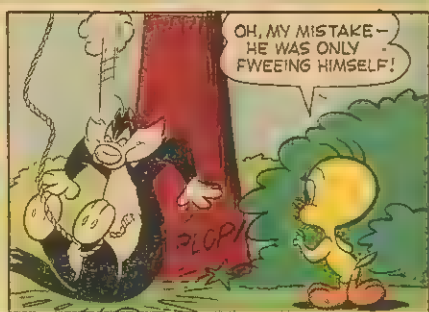

AH—FOOD AT LAST!
THAT'S WHAT *HE* THINKS!



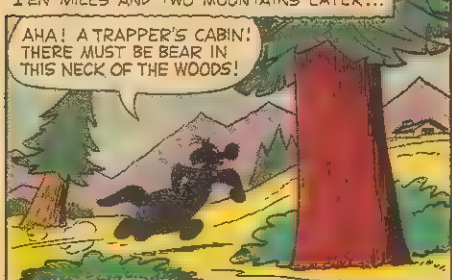


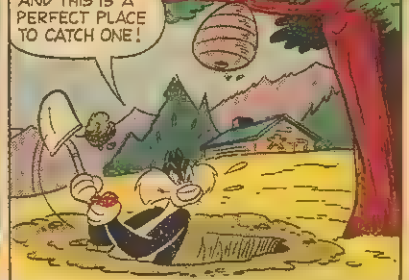


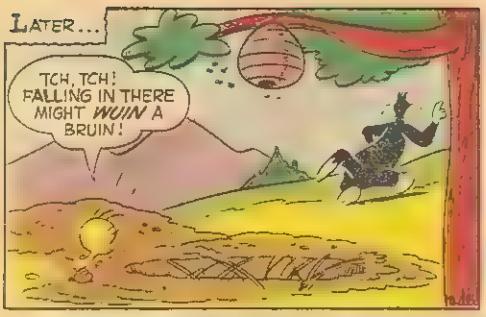


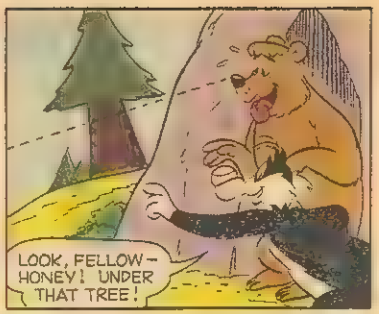


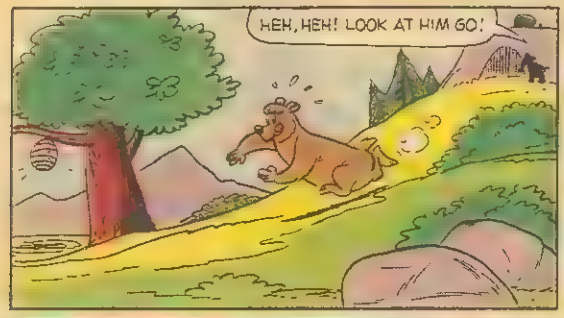
TEN MILES AND TWO MOUNTAINS LATER...



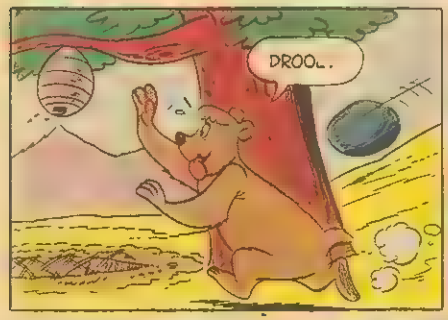


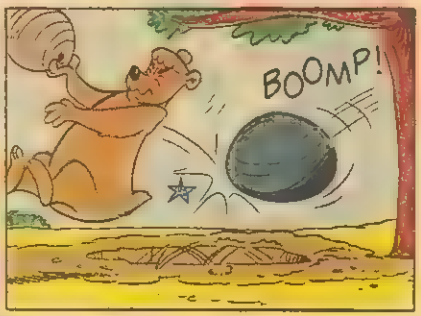

LATER...
TCH, TCH! FALLING IN THERE MIGHT *WUIN* A BRUIN!

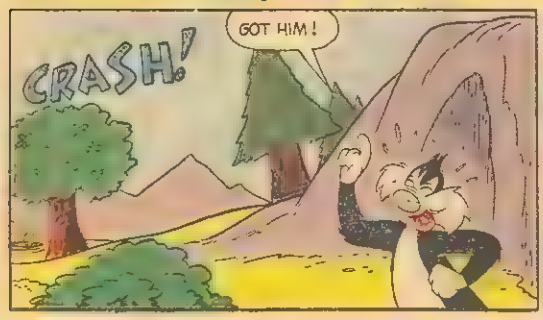

LOOK, FELLOW—HONEY! UNDER THAT TREE!

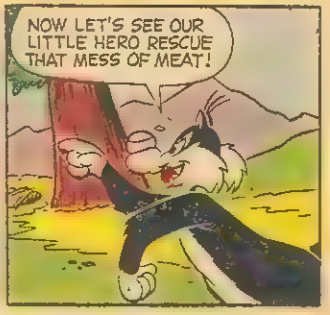

HEH, HEH! LOOK AT HIM GO!

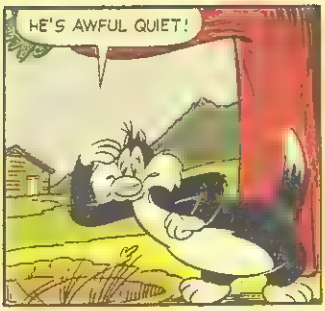
IF THIS WOCK WOLLS WIGHT, IT MAY SAVE HIM!
ALL I NEED IS A RECIPE FOR BEAR STEAK!


DROOL.

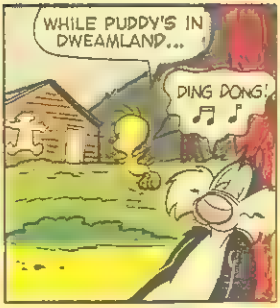

BOOMP!

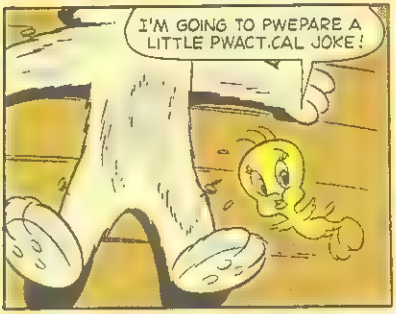

CRASH!
GOT HIM!

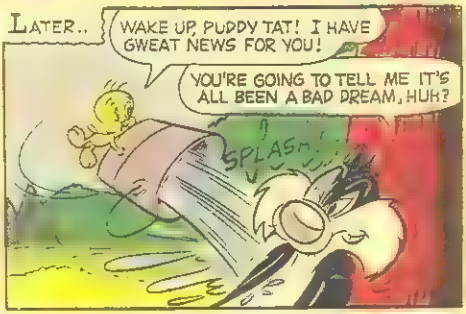

NOW LET'S SEE OUR LITTLE HERO RESCUE THAT MESS OF MEAT!

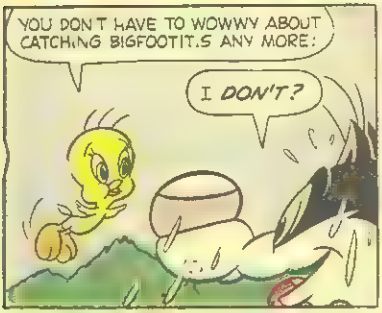

HE'S AWFUL QUIET!

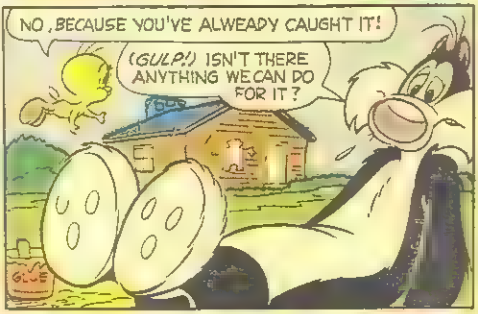
THUD
IT'S YOUR BIG-FOOTED FWIEND AGAIN!
YIKE!

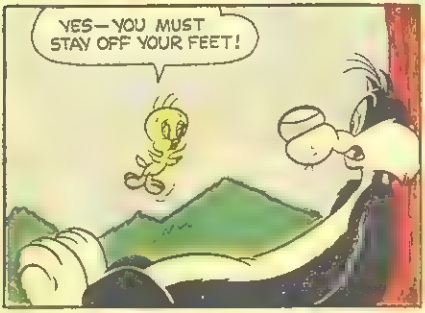

WHILE PUDDY'S IN DWEAMLAND...
DING DONG!

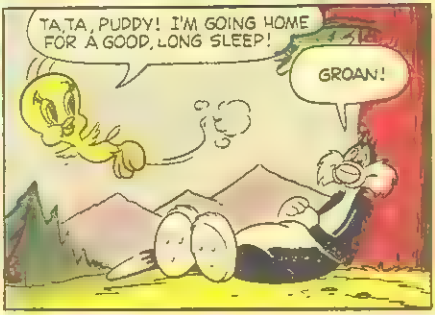

I'M GOING TO PWEPARE A LITTLE PWACT.CAL JOKE!


LATER..
WAKE UP, PUDDY TAT! I HAVE GWEAT NEWS FOR YOU!
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME IT'S ALL BEEN A BAD DREAM, HUH?
SPLASH!


YOU DON'T HAVE TO WOWWY ABOUT CATCHING BIGFOOTIT.S ANY MORE:
I DON'T?

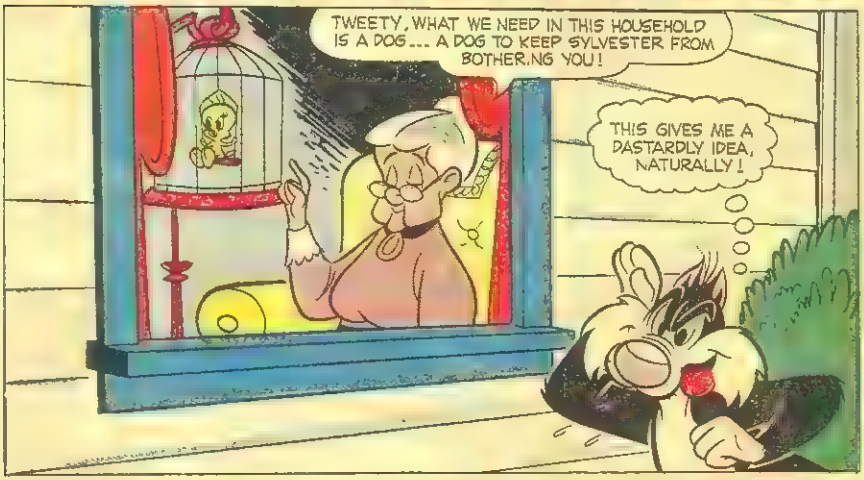

NO, BECAUSE YOU'VE ALWEADY CAUGHT IT!
(GULP!) ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR IT?

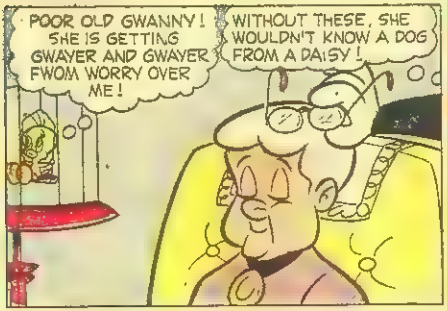

YES—YOU MUST STAY OFF YOUR FEET!

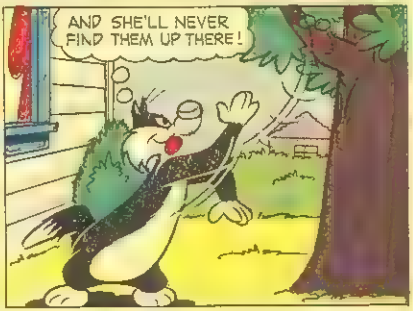

TA,TA, PUDDY! I'M GOING HOME FOR A GOOD, LONG SLEEP!
GROAN!

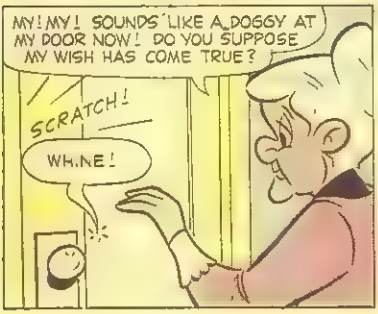
WARNER BROS. **TWEETY** *and* **SYLVESTER**

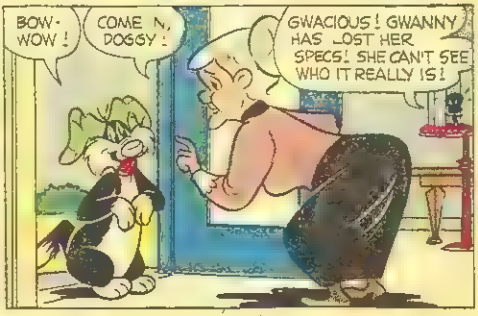
ALIAS A PUPPY DOG

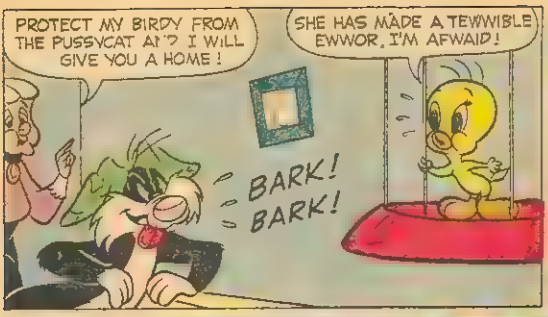


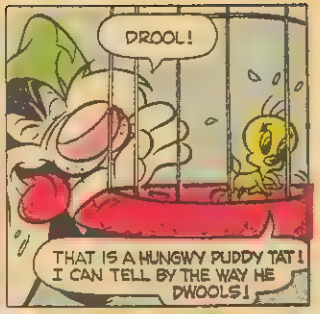


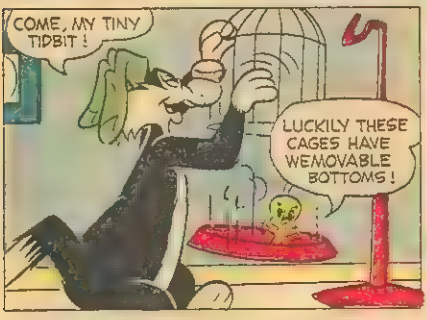


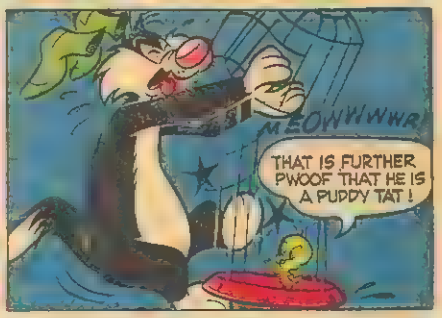


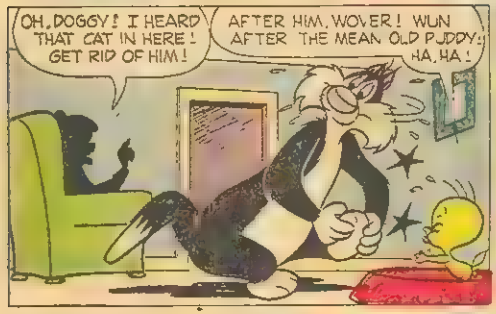


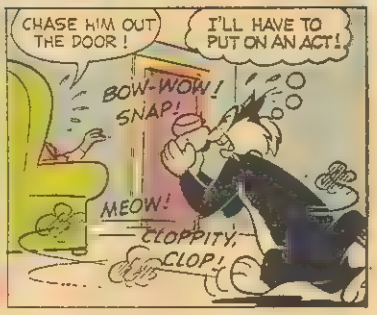

PROTECT MY BIRDY FROM THE PUSSYCAT AND I WILL GIVE YOU A HOME!
SHE HAS MADE A TEWWIBLE EWWOR, I'M AFWAID!
BARK! BARK!

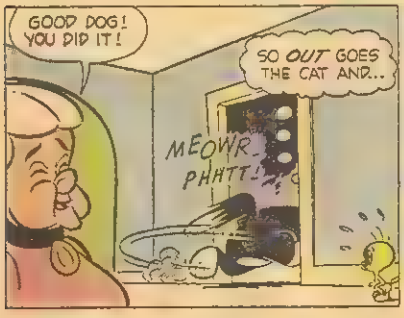

DROOL!
THAT IS A HUNGWY PUDDY TAT! I CAN TELL BY THE WAY HE DWOOLS!

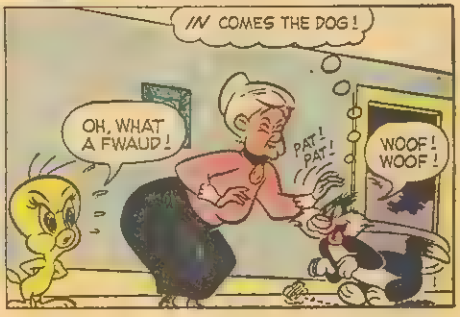

COME, MY TINY TIDBIT!
LUCKILY THESE CAGES HAVE WEMOVABLE BOTTOMS!

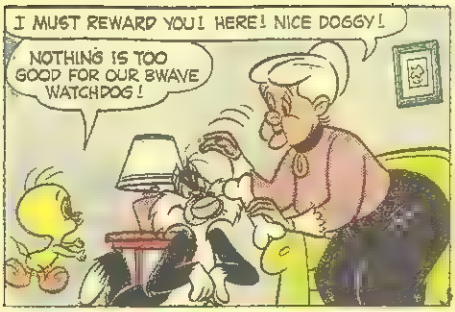

MEOWWWWR!
THAT IS FURTHER PWOOF THAT HE IS A PUDDY TAT!

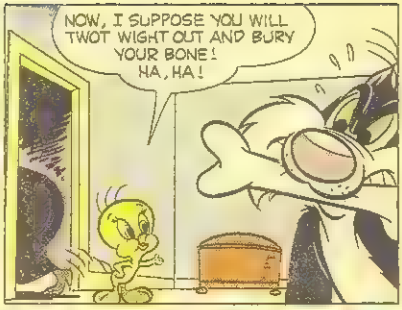

OH, DOGGY! I HEARD THAT CAT IN HERE! GET RID OF HIM!
AFTER HIM, WOVER! WUN AFTER THE MEAN OLD PUDDY! HA, HA!

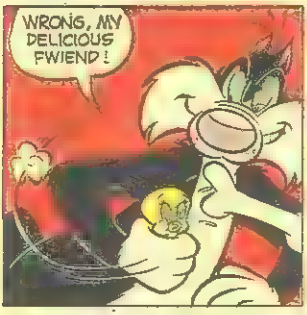

CHASE HIM OUT THE DOOR!
I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON AN ACT!
BOW-WOW! SNAP!
MEOW!
CLOPPITY, CLOP!

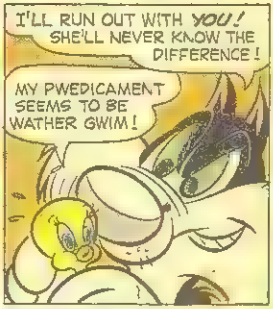

GOOD DOG! YOU DID IT!
SO OUT GOES THE CAT AND...
MEOWR-PHTT!


IN COMES THE DOG!
OH, WHAT A FWAUD!
PAT! PAT!
WOOF! WOOF!

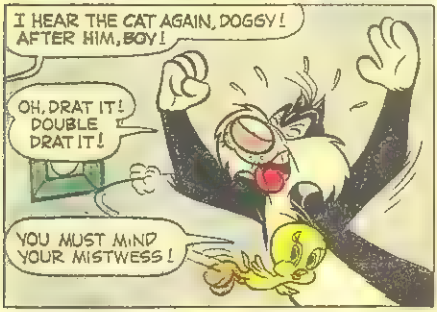

I MUST REWARD YOU! HERE! NICE DOGGY!
NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR OUR BWAVE WATCHDOG!

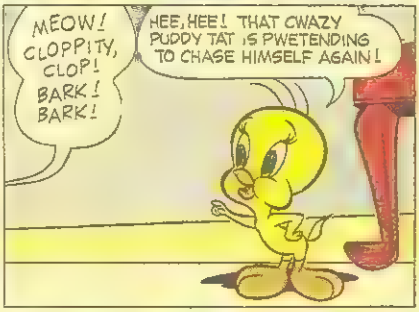

NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU WILL TWOT WIGHT OUT AND BURY YOUR BONE! HA, HA!

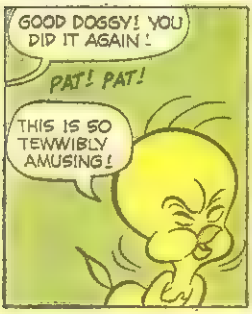

WRONG, MY DELICIOUS FWIEND!

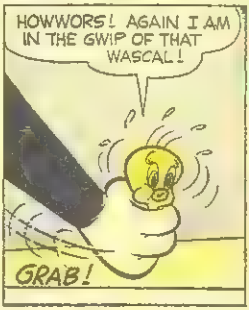

I'LL RUN OUT WITH YOU! SHE'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
MY PWEDICAMENT SEEMS TO BE WATHER GWIM!

I HATE TO WESORT TO TWICKERY, BUT I MUST!
MEOW!

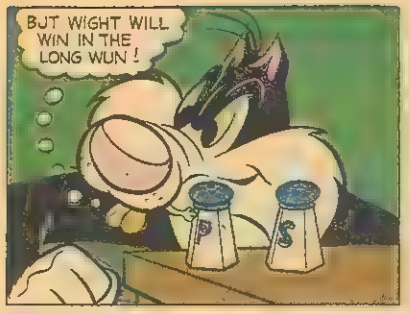

I HEAR THE CAT AGAIN, DOGGY! AFTER HIM, BOY!
OH, DRAT IT! DOUBLE DRAT IT!
YOU MUST MIND YOUR MISTWESS!

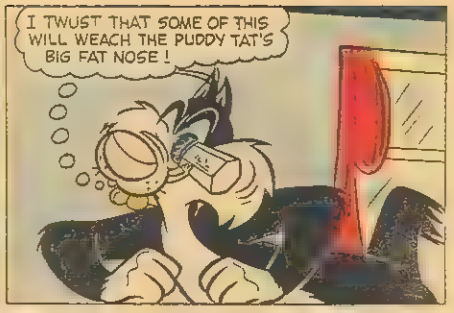

MEOW! CLOPPITY, CLOP! BARK! BARK!
HEE, HEE! THAT CWAZY PUDDY TAT IS PWETENDING TO CHASE HIMSELF AGAIN!

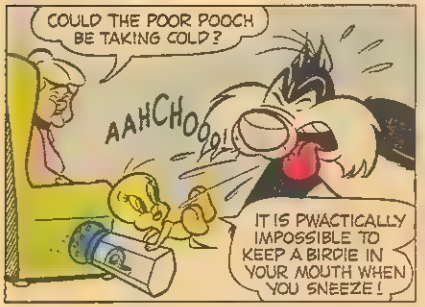

GOOD DOGGY! YOU DID IT AGAIN!
PAT! PAT!
THIS IS SO TEWWIBLY AMUSING!

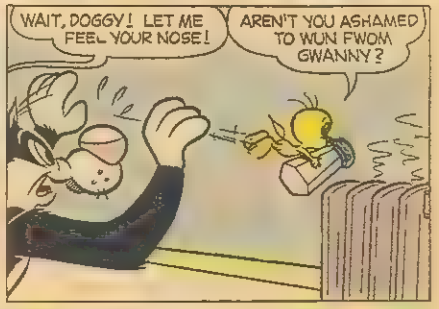

HOWWORS! AGAIN I AM IN THE GWIP OF THAT WASCAL!
GRAB!

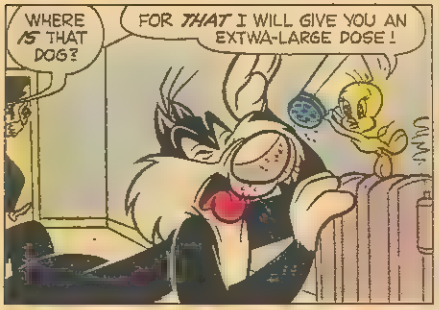
TRY MAKING CAT SOUNDS NOW, YOU TWITTERING TWERP!
THIS IS NOT QUITE CWICKET!

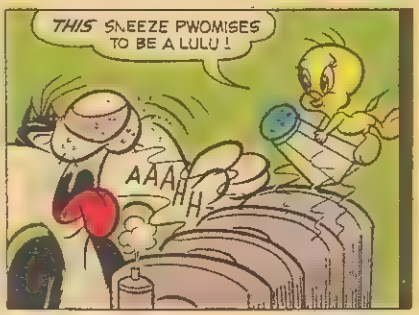

BUT WIGHT WILL WIN IN THE LONG WUN!

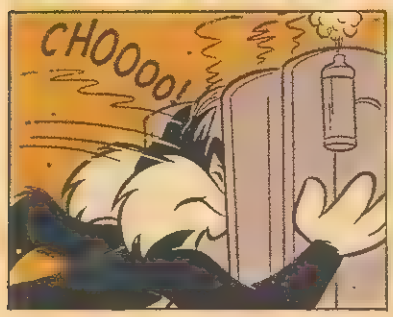

I TWUST THAT SOME OF THIS WILL WEACH THE PUDDY TAT'S BIG FAT NOSE!

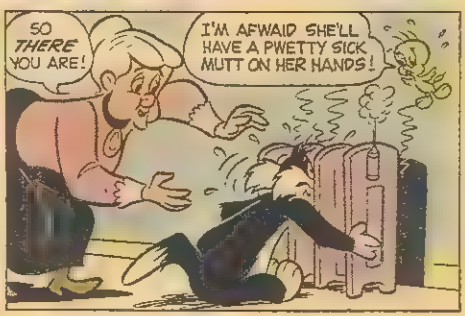

COULD THE POOR POOCH BE TAKING COLD?
AAHCHOO!
IT IS PWACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP A BIRDIE IN YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU SNEEZE!

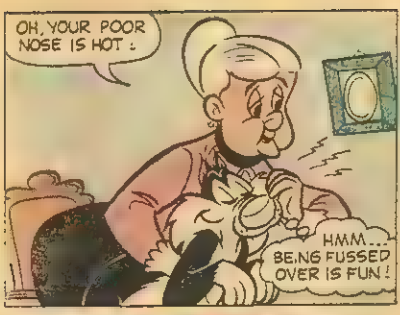

WAIT, DOGGY! LET ME FEEL YOUR NOSE!
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED TO WUN FWOM GWANNY?

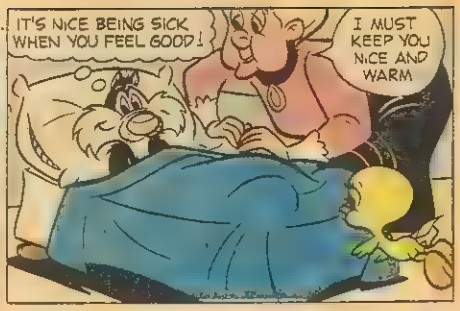

WHERE IS THAT DOG?
FOR THAT I WILL GIVE YOU AN EXTWA-LARGE DOSE!

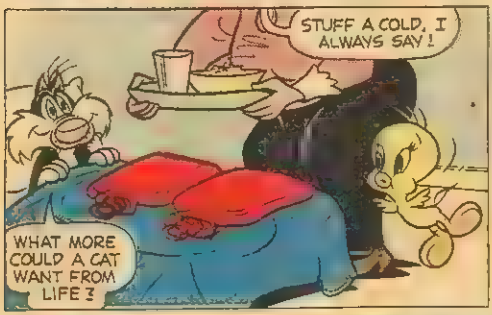

THIS SNEEZE PWOMISES TO BE A LULU!
AAAHH

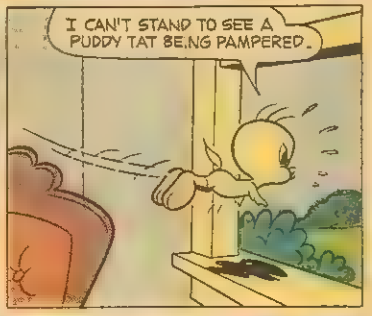

CHOOOO!

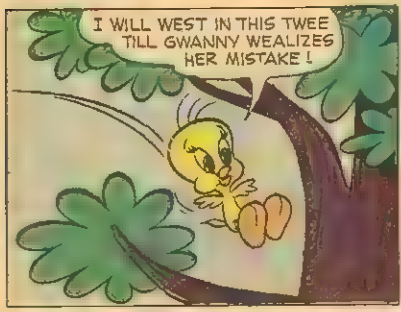

SO THERE YOU ARE!
I'M AFWAID SHE'LL HAVE A PWETTY SICK MUTT ON HER HANDS!

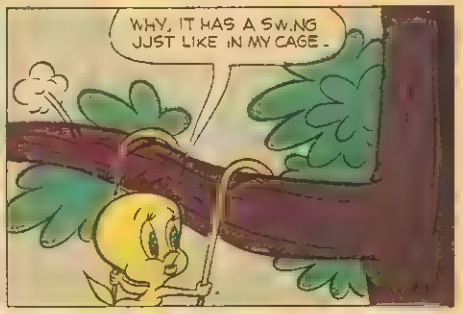

OH, YOUR POOR NOSE IS HOT !
HMM... BE.NG FUSSED OVER IS FUN !

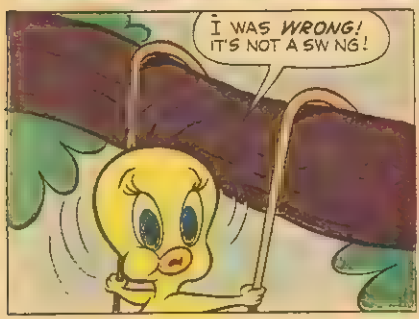

IT'S NICE BEING SICK WHEN YOU FEEL GOOD !
I MUST KEEP YOU NICE AND WARM

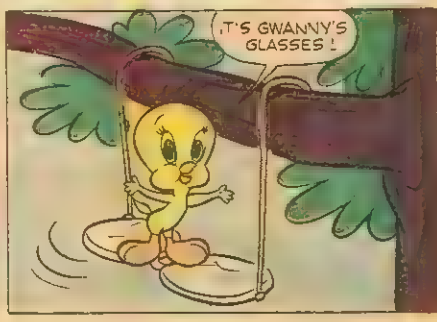

STUFF A COLD, I ALWAYS SAY !
WHAT MORE COULD A CAT WANT FROM LIFE ?

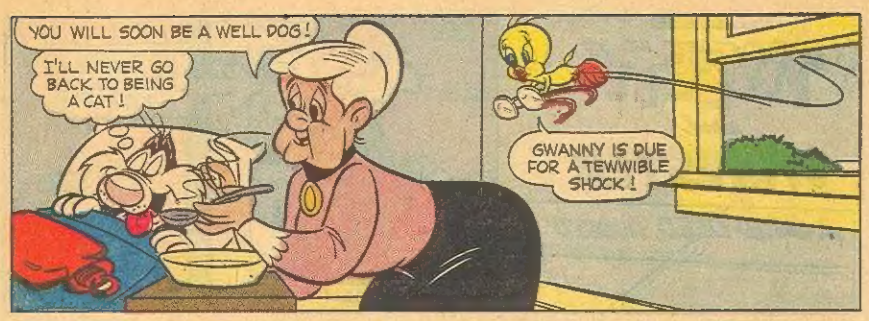

I CAN'T STAND TO SEE A PUDDY TAT BE.NG PAMPERED.

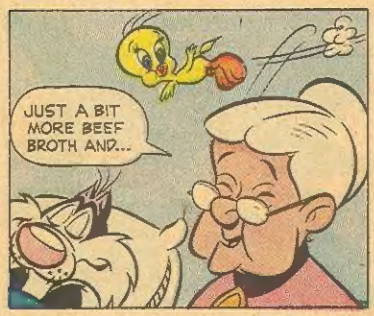

I WILL WEST IN THIS TWEE TILL GWANNY WEALIZES HER MISTAKE !


WHY, IT HAS A SW.NG JJST LIKE IN MY CAGE.


I WAS WRONG! IT'S NOT A SW NG !

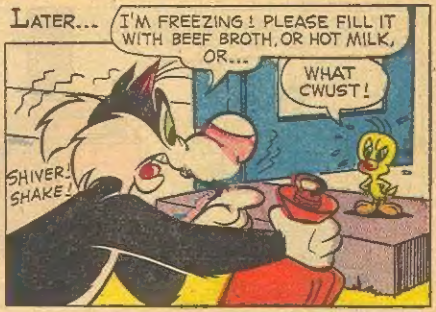

IT'S GWANNY'S GLASSES !


YOU WILL SOON BE A WELL DOG!
I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO BEING A CAT!
GWANNY IS DUE FOR A TEWWIBLE SHOCK!

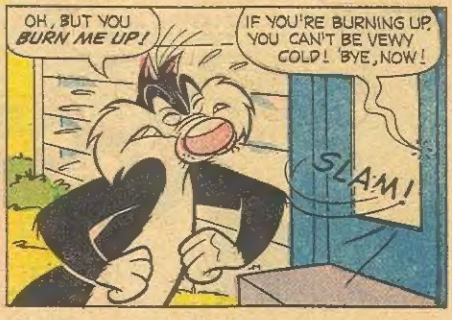

JUST A BIT MORE BEEF BROTH AND...

(GULP!) HOW'D SHE GET HER SPECS BACK?
SYLVESTER! YOU TRICKED ME!

AWK! SHE DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR ME TO GET UP!
OUT YOU GO!


LATER...
I'M FREEZING! PLEASE FILL IT WITH BEEF BROTH, OR HOT MILK, OR...
WHAT CWUST!
SHIVER-SHAKE!

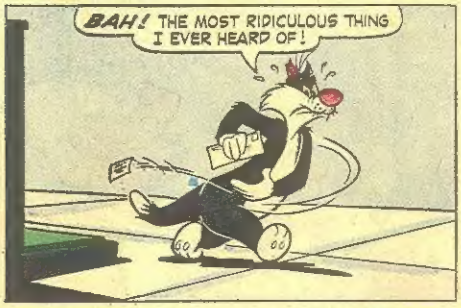
I'M COMING DOWN WITH SOMETHING! CHATTER!
FWOM THE FEEL OF YOUR FWIGID NOSE, I'D SAY YOU'RE A VEWY HEALTHY HOUND!


OH, BUT YOU BURN ME UP!
IF YOU'RE BURNING UP, YOU CAN'T BE VEWY COLD! 'BYE, NOW!
SLAM!

WARNER BROS.

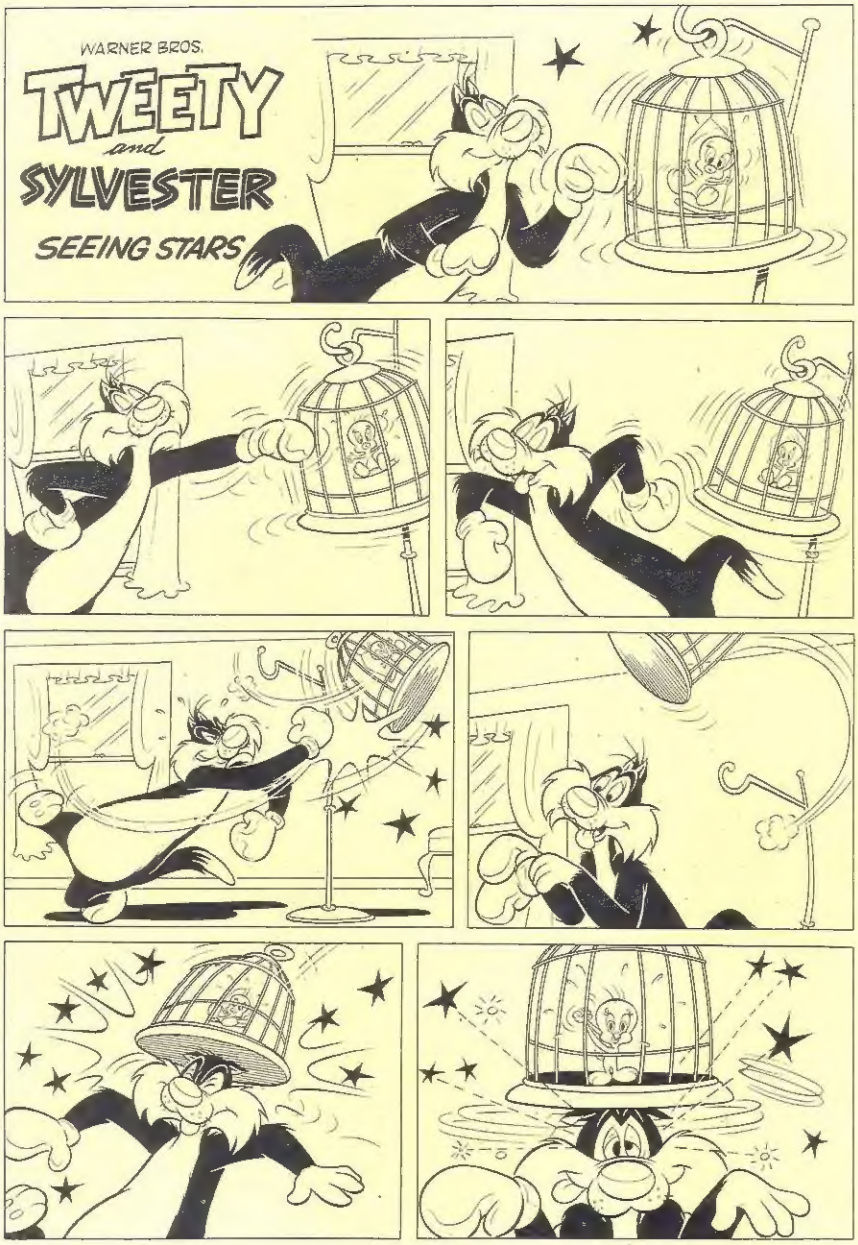
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

A GOOD DEED, INDEED



A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" *is our only credo and constant goal.*


WARNER BROS.
TWEETY
and
SYLVESTER
SEEING STARS

This is you—in your TWA uniform—with your flying partner, the TWA Captain.

Girls can be Junior Captains, too! Or, they can be hostesses. If you win, the choice is up to you!

BOYS! GIRLS! WIN A CAPTAIN'S RIDE

COAST-TO-COAST ON THE NEWEST *TWA SUPERJET*

First comes real Jet Pilot training. 2 days at TWA's Kansas City, Mo., Jet Pilot school. Win your Jet Pilot's wings and a TWA Junior Captain's uniform, too!

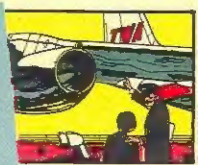
Practice Jet "take-offs" with a TWA Captain in a full-size training cockpit. Then fly to Los Angeles for 5 days of sight-seeing—all usual expenses paid!

PLUS $5,000 CASH

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FIRST PRIZE

You'll go to TWA Super-Jet Pilot School, fly coast-to-coast as a TWA Junior Captain, spend 5 days in Los Angeles, 5 more in New York—and your parents get to come along, too!



Give your SuperJet its pre-flight check in L. A., then help plan your Captain's Ride flight to New York with the TWA captain.

Fly as the Captain's Special Guest—make in-flight announcements on your way to New York for 5 more days of vacation—all usual expenses paid!

Hey, Kids! It's Fun! Easy to enter, too!

KRAFT'S JET-PUFFED MARSHMALLOWS

NAME-THE-PLANE CONTEST

Just name the new TWA SuperJet. It's lots of fun! You might call it Speed King or Sky Flyer. But you'll think up better names than that. Read the easy-to-follow rules—then send in your name for the plane with your entry blank. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to send an empty Kraft Jet-Puffed Marshmallows bag every time you enter. And get started today!

PLUS 800 OTHER PRIZES TO WIN!

50 SECOND PRIZES!
Zenith "Navigator"® portable radios!

50 THIRD PRIZES!
"Cadillac Supreme" 7 x 35 binoculars!

100 FOURTH PRIZES!
Ansco Cadet Camera outfits!

600 FIFTH PRIZES!
Lindberg Jets of the World model kits!

They're Jet-Puffed—so the outside's soft like the inside. More for your money, too—at least 50 in every bag.

Clip and mail this entry blank! HURRY!

Kraft Name-The-Plane Contest
Box 811
Chicago 77, Illinois

My name for the TWA SuperJet is

_____

I enclose an empty Kraft Jet-Puffed Marshmallows bag.

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES TO WIN!

1. Print your suggested name for the new TWA SuperJet Plane, plus your own name and address, on the official entry blank printed on Kraft Jet-Puffed Marshmallows bags, or on the entry blank in this ad, or on a plain sheet of paper. Additional entry blanks are available at your store. Mail to Kraft Name-The-Plane Contest, Box 811, Chicago 77, Ill. Enter as often as you wish. Each time you enter, use a separate entry blank and send an empty Kraft Jet-Puffed Marshmallows bag.
2. First prize consists of 2 full days of Jet Pilot (or Hostess) training at Kansas City, Mo., a coast-to-coast flight aboard the TWA SuperJet as the Captain's special guest, a 5-day vacation in Los Angeles, a 5-day vacation in New York for the winner and his or her parents or guardian—all usual expenses paid—plus a TWA Captain's (or Hostess') uniform—and $5,000 in cash to be paid to the winner's parent or guardian for the winner's benefit. The cash prize will be paid no later than Dec. 31, 1960 and flights for the winner, who must be accompanied by parents or guardian at all times away from home, will be arranged for any time before Dec. 31, 1961 which is mutually agreeable to TWA and the first prize winner.
3. Entries must be postmarked not later than Nov. 23, 1960 and received not later than Nov. 30, 1960 to be eligible for prizes.
4. All persons 18 years old or younger are eligible except employees of Kraft, TWA, their advertising agencies, judging organization and families. Contest void outside Continental U.S. and in Wisconsin and other states or municipalities where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of appropriateness of name to plane shown; freshness (interest, creativeness, sparkle); clarity and sincerity. In case of ties, which are likely, tiebreaking contestants will be asked to submit a 25 word essay on "Why I Like Kraft Marshmallows," which will be judged on the basis of interest, clarity and sincerity. If further ties result, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries and contents thereof become the property of Kraft. None returned. TWA reserves the right to use or not use any names submitted, including prize-winning names. Decision of the judges is final. Winners will be notified by mail.